

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07952838 0

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS

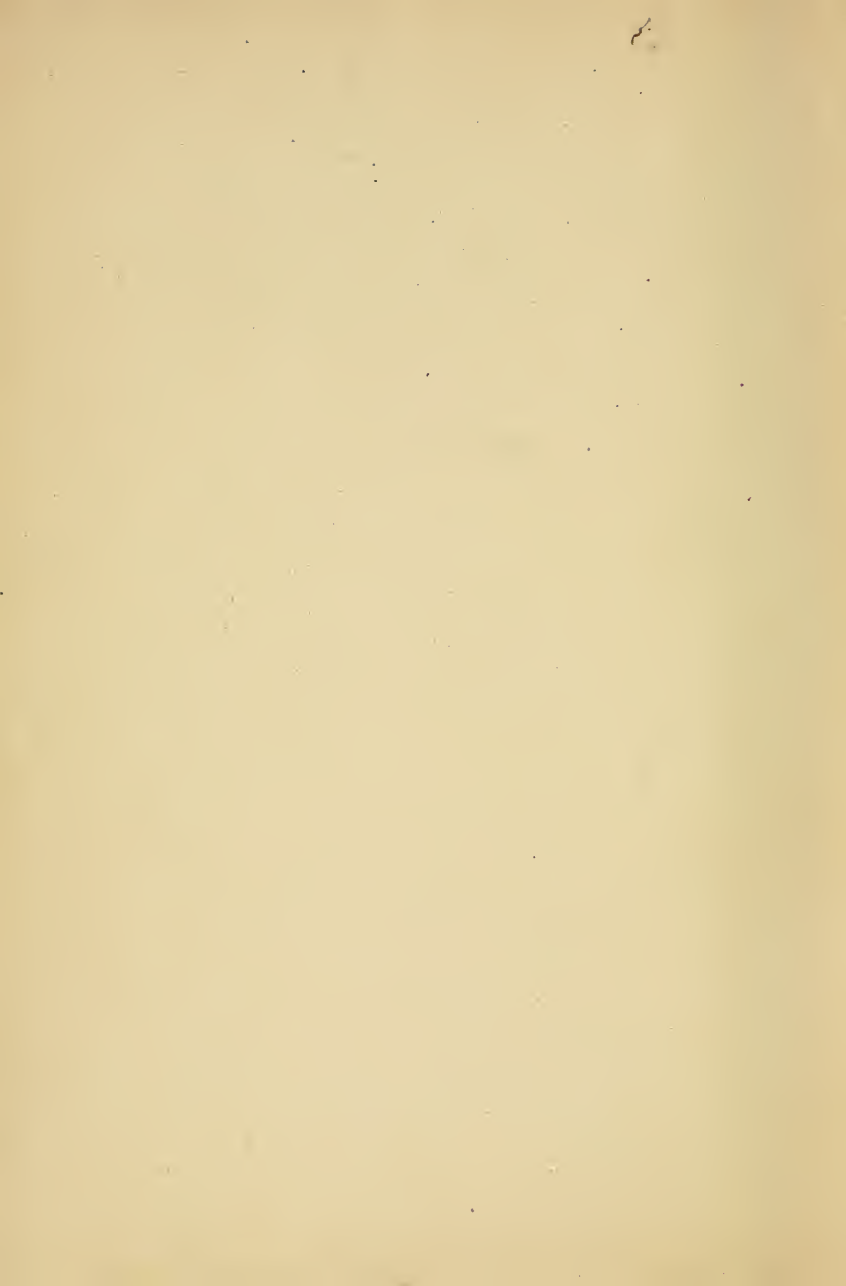


1, United States - Hist. - Civil war -
Personal narratives

HH

IKL

Andrews



THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
E L



Andrew Jackson Andrews

A SKETCH
OF THE BOYHOOD DAYS

OF

Andrew J. Andrews,

of Gloucester County, Virginia,

AND

HIS EXPERIENCE AS A SOLDIER IN THE
LATE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

To which are added Selected Poems
by the Author.

RICHMOND, VA.:
THE HERMITAGE PRESS, INC.

1905.

MSm

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

201569B

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R

1942

L

*This poem was given to me by my mother, Mrs.
Emily Andrews, on going to war;
also a Bible.*

LINES IN A SON'S BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come—
When one who has had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home;
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gift of God above,
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy,
The source of life and light and joy.

And bade him keep the gift—that when
the parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In her eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to his memory.

S Ward 26 Aug 1942

And should the scoffer in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne.
She bade him pause and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—*remember, boy!*

—*Andrew Jackson Andrews.*



AUTOBIOGRAPHY

—OF—

Andrew Jackson Andrews.

The writer was born within one-half a mile of Cappahoosic Wharf, in the county of Gloucester, State of Virginia, on the nineteenth day of August, 1842, and is the youngest son of William and Emily Andrews, now deceased. My father was an officer in the war of 1812 between England and the United States and served with distinction as Captain of Artillery. My mother was a Miss New, born in the city of Petersburg, Va., and her father was of French extract, and was an officer in the Light Dragoons at the Battle of Yorktown. So, kind reader, you have my pedigree, which should always be given. Yes, I look with the deepest interest on my once beautiful country home in Gloucester as I now see it, all dilapidated by the ruthless hand of Time. But, still, I can but recall with the most pleasant reminiscences of my life spent in boyhood days under my parental roof. Yes, I remember the

beautiful shady trees, the magnificent flower garden, and elegant lawn that were watched over by a dear mother, and, oh, how pleasant, on a balmy spring morning, whilst awaking from a delightful night's repose, to hear the lovely chirps of the sweet-singing mocking bird! His beautiful notes would enrapture a heathen, much less an innocent school boy like myself. Yes, it is a pleasant recollection to look back upon the fine society, the fine and sumptuous dinners, and entertainments given by my good-hearted old father, Captain William Andrews. Methinks I can see his jolly countenance, enraptured with joy, as he would dish out his fine and luscious York river oysters and huge roasted pigs and turkeys and other elegant dishes at some of his grand dinners to his most welcome guests. Surely in my days of boyhood my father might have been termed a "*Nabob*," as far as good living was looked upon, for, just in this exact locality, the noble York afforded all the luxuries of the salt water, and my father being an expert farmer with considerable means, kept his table most bountifully supplied with the luxuries of land and sea, as the York is but a mere arm of the Chesapeake Bay and the finest fish and oysters the world ever saw could be obtained in abundance. But the writer, when a mere youth,

had a great love for quail hunting and duck sporting, too, and many a fat quail and canvassed back duck fell at the crack of his fine English shotgun. Even now, a man of forty-two years, I dearly love my old sports of hunting and fishing—my dear love for quail hunting, or, as the Northern gentleman would term it, or the Southerner would say, partridge hunting. I never shall abandon my guns and dogs, and, really, they are my hobbies, if ever a man had any, for I came by them honestly, and even now, a man with five children, I am as almost as childish in this particular line as one of my own sweet children, or, rather, one of the boys, for just to think how silly I am to be sitting up until 3 o'clock to-night mourning the loss of my splendid setter dog that was drowned in the well only a night ago, which was carelessly left open by an intruding *person*. And apart from this I have lost many valuable cows from thieves that make a practice of stealing my most valuable animals that cost me much time and money to raise. But, kind reader, I am launching out too fast on my present life with deep recollections. Let me, for a moment, look back at my commencement in life.

When a mere school boy I was called JACK, as my father was a staunch old Democrat and called

me after the Hero of New Orleans—ANDREW JACKSON, although I am not worthy, in a measure, of that great general's name. I am sure that I have smelt as much gun-powder and had more trials and tribulations in life than the honorable general himself.

Whilst at the County Academy in Gloucester, better known as Cappahoosic Military Academy, I was a First Lieutenant in that corps of cadets, and this was the beginning of my military career. The commander of this little corps of cadets was a Captain James H. Waddell, of Rockbridge county, Va., and a graduate of the Lexington, Va., Military Institute, a fine gentleman, a splendid scholar, and elegant soldier was he. I must say I learned more under this gentleman's supervision than all the balance of my teachers, and, furthermore, that the gallant little corps of cadets with their splendid gray cloth uniforms and handsome trimmings would put some of our old Virginia volunteers to the blush, as far as neatness goes, and in the drill and exercise of the manual of arms and their different field manœuvres I most positively confirm could not be excelled by the New York Seventh, which is considered one of the crack regiments of the United States. But why should I linger on this point so long? For but a few years after my school days

and training I had to go to Lancaster county, Va., to reside with my good and venerable old uncle, Dr. Frank Duval Jones. A finer gentleman to live with could never be found, my kind reader, in the glorious old Commonwealth of Virginia.

It was here I went to school to a gentleman by the name of Luther Glascock. I liked him very much, and I was always in the very cream of good society. My fond and dear cousin, Betsy Jones, looked after me with as much pleasure and ladylike pride as if I had been her own son or brother. But death loves a shining mark. This splendid and refined *daughter of Virginia* was soon called to a better world than this, and in the east end of White Chapels church's beautiful burying ground lies the remains of one of the dearest friends that your humble servant ever had on this earth, and so, dear cousin, I leave thee now from my memory for the present to *requiescat in pace*. After her death I removed to Gloucester Courthouse, Va., and went in the mercantile business as clerk for a Mr. Thomas B. Taliaferro, and a first-class store he had, and he understood how to keep a country store. I never was at a loss for good times and good company, and how I did enjoy the good old country dinners!

Court days at the country hotel were a *caution to Jacob*. But my career was very soon cut short as a clerk at Gloucester Courthouse, as the news came upon us and the belching of guns of the Botetourt Artillery echoed the sad tidings to the stout-hearted farmers that war was declared between the States, and as I was a member of the Gloucester Invincible Blues, was ordered to Gloucester Point, at the extreme end of the county opposite Yorktown. Our command was under Brigadier-General William B. Taliaferro, who was in full command of the garrison. We had been there but a few days before an encounter took place between the United States gunboat called the Yankee and a detachment of the Richmond Howitzers, under the command of Captain Brown. The very first shot—a twelve-pounder—from one of the enemy's guns came very near putting an end to my existence, as I was walking from the water battery to join my command on the hill above. But a few well-directed shots told the Yankee boys that Captain Brown's Howitzers would not allow them to cross the *Rubicon*, or, in other words, enter up the York river any further. One shot from Capt. Brown's guns that were placed under the cover of an old pier on the point struck this gunboat amid-ship and very soon she fired a lee gun, or, to use a

nautical expression, a gun to the leeward, and went out the mouth of the York with our side-wheel paddling along like an old lame duck. This fine marksmanship and sharp and decisive encounter told the jolly boys of Uncle Sam's navy that we Southern boys were not to be growled at. Very soon another steamer came to her rescue and towed the disabled man-of-war to Old Point Comfort. The mouth of the river after this was finally closed, and after this engagement all of the boys shouted and got on a most glorious old spree.

You may say this was the first gun fired in the war.

I became tired of infantry service, and as I had a dear friend in the Richmond Howitzers, I obtained from General George Bankhead MacGruder a special transfer to the Howitzers, of Richmond city, then stationed at Yorktown, Va. And here let me say is the noted place that Lord Cornwallis surrendered his forces to the Americans, as every well-read citizen knows. It was not very long before I became acquainted with all the boys in my new command and soon felt all right with my new companions-in-arms and brothers-in-peril. Frequently I would pay visits to my father and mother, who only lived some 15 miles down the river from Gloucester Point. I

used to travel in an open two-oared boat, and pulled all the way to and fro by myself. Always on my return the boys were glad to see their new comrade "Jack" to get something good to eat from the country. I was not at the Battle of Bethel, the first field fight of the war, as I did not join the Howitzers until after that engagement—could not get my transfer any sooner. The campaign of the Howitzers was a very rugged one, indeed, on the Peninsula. The narrow, muddy roads rendered it almost impossible for troops to march, and many a time, on some of our forced marches, I had to go in mud over my knees and shoulder to the wheels of the gun caisson to help push it out of the deep mud-holes. The command experienced much sickness from chills and fevers and forced marches in this foggy section of the country.

I witnessed a sight whilst encamped at Yorktown that I never shall forget. A member of a Louisiana infantry battalion became very much intoxicated one day, and one of our Howitzers was guarding the wharf at the steamers' landing, when a Louisiana soldier (I think his name was Francis Carrol) came up staggering along, saying, "I want to go aboard the steamer to get a drink."

"Can't do it," said the sentinel.

“But d—d if I don’t,” said Carrol.

Just at this time Dr. Theodore P. Mays, an officer of the day and a member of our command, came up to Carrol and said, “Sir, you can’t go on the wharf as it is positively against orders from headquarters.” With that Carrol struck the noble Dr. Theodore under the burr of the ear and knocked his Royal Highness senseless to the ground at full length, and he did not recover from the shock for two days. General Randolph, afterwards Secretary of War, came rushing up with two privates with fixed bayonets and carried Carrol to jail at Yorktown. Very soon after this affair our command was ordered to Suffolk, Va., and on our way this same Carrol had been court-martialed for striking Dr. Mayo and sentenced to go aboard the Confederate States steamer called the Merrimac, at Suffolk, Va., to perform the hardships of a sailor’s life until the war ended. But, alas! he did not have even that pleasure, for at Petersburg, Va., some one gave him a canteen of apple brandy and it flew to his head, and whilst under the influence of liquor he became terribly unruly on the cars and was shot dead by the guard, but not until after he was shot three times through the breast did he ever succumb. After he was shot his remains were buried at Suffolk, Va., a small town

between Petersburg and Portsmouth, Va., where our battery pitched camp. He was stripped before burial and I saw his body and a more beautiful specimen of a man I never saw. His form was perfect, his skin as smooth and as beautiful as white marble, and his flesh as hard and as tough as Indian rubber; the muscles of the arms shook like jelly; his eyes were as black as a rattlesnake's. In fact, he was one of the best-built young men I have ever seen. He was soon after found out by people who knew him to be a prize-fighter of great notoriety from near Shreveport, Louisiana.

This killing of Francis Carrol was very much condemned by our comrades as being very cowardly, as the man could have been brought to subjection by hooking bayonets around his body and then tying him. This Carrol, free of whiskey I heard, was a fine man, and he was frequently heard to say that he deeply regretted the blow given Dr. Mayo, as he respected and liked all of the members of the Howitzer battalion. This was a sad sight and the last words he uttered were the most terrible oaths that ever escaped a man's lips, all from the effects of Major-General John Barleycorn, the General of Generals.

Our battery had some few spats with the enemy on the North Carolina lines, but they

amounted to nothing of much importance. I was very sick nearly all the time at Suffolk, and, indeed, there was much sickness among the troops. However, our command was very soon ordered in front of the city of Richmond, as Yorktown and Gloucester Point had been evacuated by the Confederate forces, and General McClellan, the Federal commander, was moving on Richmond both by the York river, where he landed by means of transports at the White House, on the Pamunky river. Soon after the battle of Williamsburg, he then, with his forces, landed at the White House, as stated, and concentrated his forces around Richmond.

My battery took a very conspicuous part in these engagements. The first commenced with was at the battle of Gaines' Mill. The conflict was severe, although our command lost few men. I was knocked senseless from the concussion of a ball from one of the enemy's seige guns, but soon gathered myself up again and went on fighting. The dead and dying were strewn in every direction. It looked like a pity to see the beautiful fields of wheat, torn to pieces by the discharge of infantry and artillery. Such, however, dear reader, was the fate of war. It was a necessary evil, and, I used to say, "What can't be cured must be endured, my lads."

These were remorseless times, for we were now being made to experience that our country was flowing in blood, desolation, and destruction. A famous general of Featherstone's brigade was accused in this fight of showing the "white feather." However, I was so young and inexperienced I hardly knew the meaning of "white feather." I knew one thing—that it took a pretty game chicken to fight in those days and times from sunrise to sundown in the seven-days fight around the city of Richmond, Va.

After this, the battle of Cold Harbor came off and the road was filled with the Yankee dead and wounded. Having had several severe engagements with the enemy, they were completely routed and retreated to a point on the James river called "Turkey Bend." During a field fight near Malvern Hill we had an open fight with the enemy, and during the engagement I had a personal encounter with one of my comrades named PIET. Several blows passed, but we found it healthy to look after our common enemy and stop such unbrotherly acts on the field of battle. Indeed, we both felt badly about it afterwards. Since the war my old comrade, who has been in a Baltimore house as salesman, frequently sees me, and we have a hearty laugh over that transaction. The idea of two men in

pitched battle getting into a fist-fight beats all I ever heard of during the entire war.

After the enemy were driven back to their gunboats our battery was stationed on Libby's Hill, or Libby's Heights, some ten or twelve miles below Richmond, on the Charles City road. The exact distance I do not now remember. During our encampment on this farm our camp was frequently shelled by the enemies' gunboats in the James river, stationed at the mouth of a creek called Deep Bottom. There was many a dark and dreary day spent at this place, for when a fellow had his pot of beans on cooking, "Bang" would come a huge shot from one of those Columbiads, and on many occasions we would be minus a dinner.

On one occasion a colored girl was hanging out some clothing to dry in Libby's yard and an interesting scene occurred. It was a beautiful morning, and everything was as still as death, when "Boom" thundered a sixty-four pounder from an iron-clad in the river and tore clothes-line and clothes, tree and all down, and a portion of the porch near the kitchen at one shot. The poor, unfortunate girl whirled over like a top and screamed out, "Oh, Lord, God! GIMMEN, I am kilt! Oh, blessed Jesus, have mussy on dis nigger!" I yelled at her to hold fast to her rig-

ging, and let the clothes line go and get under the brow of the hill, or she would be killed. She made no delay, I can assure you, in taking my advice, and as she went along she could be heard to ejaculate, "Oh, Lord! gosh, massa, dat I will, sah." She had hardly gotten to the rise of the hill when "bang" belched another cannon, and came very near killing the girl. The concussion knocked her down, but up she sprang, and I am sure it would have taken a race horse, equal to Taylor's celebrated Tornado, to catch up with her, she was running so fast. She finally came to a halt and returned, but it looked very much to me as if under a severe protest.

Another day a line of sharp-shooters advanced from the line of woods from Deep Bottom and Colonel Hardaway, our regimental commander, of Alabama, came very near being killed stone dead, had I not by a sudden jerk pulled him to the ground as soon as I saw a bright smoke from one of the enemy's sharp-shooters. The bullet went whistling through the tent he was standing in front of. The Colonel had on a red shirt, and, therefore, made a good target, and would have been killed had I not interfered so quickly. The Colonel seemed much surprised at my pulling him to the ground and wanted to know what I meant by it. I explained with a touch of the

hat, and pointed to the danger, and I can assure you he not only apologized, but seemed very grateful at my prudence and forethought. There were many killed whilst at this place. One day when moving a piece of cannon by prolonged movement a fellow-comrade was shot by my side.

To sleep was next to impossible as the enemy took delight in annoying us at the dead hour of the night.

One day General R. E. Lee was sitting in the rear porch of the Libby residence and the sharpshooters were riddling the house with their bullets. I went up to General Robert and told him he had better retire from such a dangerous locality, but he calmly remarked, and very politely, too, "I am not afraid, sir." Their bullets, as stated, were penetrating the house through and through, and I expected every moment to see him killed, but, to my astonishment, a few moments after, I saw him, in a cool manner, writing an order which he gave to a courier under a most galling fire at this moment from the infantry of the enemy, and also from the huge, heavy cannons from the gunboats in the James river. I had two horses killed during this severe cannonading, one shot killed both at once, as they were standing side by side. Captain Libby's corn was beautiful before this occu-

pancy by our troops, and from frequent bombardments his entire crop was completely ruined by shells from the enemy's gunboats that never ceased day or night to pay their compliments. I have seen those heavy shells cut down acres of corn at one fire, a most pitiful sight it was, too. I felt deeply sorry for old Captain Libby (the Libby prison was named after this venerable gentleman), as he would stand smoking his pipe and see his crops being destroyed by a ruthless enemy. But the old fellow was pretty game, as I used to hear him utter most profane oaths, such as these—"Dam those blue-nosed Yankees; I wish the last one was IN HELL for destroying my corn-crop."

You will please excuse my, dear reader, for repeating oaths I heard, but to make this sketch complete I am compelled to state facts that came under my personal observation.

Very soon by heavy fighting and reinforcements we compelled them to stick to their gunboats as from our position they were no match for us on land, as our troops had a most commanding position. The fire of our artillery would mow the enemy down like chaff before the wind. Very soon our battery of artillery was formed into a regiment and we were ordered to the Valley of Virginia. But I am

rather fast. My sweetheart and afterwards my wife was on a visit near the White House and I got a buggy and ventured out and brought her back and came very near being captured at times the enemy was so close to me, and I ran a very great risk. But who wouldn't for his sweetheart? This was just before the seven days' fight. Now to start again, our enemy had evacuated everywhere around Richmond and we started up the valley for the enemy. It was a tedious march, I can assure you, and how I did hate to leave my sweetheart and now my present wife behind. It was galling, indeed, on this march to the mountains of Virginia and thence to Pennsylvania. Our command, after long marches, came in contact with the enemy at Fredericksburg, Va. That was a heavy fight, and it was in this battle that the great "Stonewall" Jackson was killed by his own command. Our army, after a grand review by General Lee, moved in one solid column up the valley and came suddenly upon the enemy at Winchester, Va., and our side gained a most complete victory. I saw some three thousand five hundred BLUE COATS surrendered their arms and equipments to our forces in an open field, looking east of Winchester, about midday. The sun was shining brightly, and there was a per-

fect calm—not a leaf of the trees could be seen to move. The surrender was a grand sight. Our soldiers were much elated at their success. In this battle the enemy was badly handled, and you may depend upon it. They were entirely surprised as our guns belched forth their most deadly missiles in their ranks before they knew or were aware of our presence, as they had no idea that a Rebel soldier was nearer than Richmond, Va., to them. We had pickets ahead all the time during our advance and captured and brought in our lines every living soul that could impart any news to the enemy. We captured large quantities of provisions and munitions of war. General Willroy commanded on the Federal side here and had quiet possession of the whole valley, and his daughter was heard to boast so, some citizens told us after we had the fight.

“NOBODY COULD WHIP HER PA ”

THIS YOUNG DAMSEL was sadly mistaken, as our command licked her PA VERY EASILY, and the gentleman barely made his escape. I will venture to say that a man could have played marbles on his coat tail, he absconded so fast. I think he must have been terribly frightened to have forsaken his daughter. No doubt the General

thought there was no time to swap knives during such momentous times.

After our main forces, seventy five thousand strong, came up, we proceeded on our grand march at once to invade Pennsylvania. We had repeated engagements with the enemy before crossing the Potomac river at Williamsport, Maryland.

I saw a very sad and heart-rending sight at Williamsport before our advance column crossed over the river, and it was this: The Federal cavalry occupied Williamsport on the Maryland side of the river and our battery was ordered to shell the town, which we did, with much terror and execution to the enemy, and during the terrific bombardment a most beautiful woman, or I may say lady, was seen fording the river, a Newfoundland dog following, with an infant in her arms. One of our boys seeing this went into the river, which was very much swollen from rain, and took the infant from the arms of its mother and placed it behind a large tree for protection. The poor lady, with her hair all streaming down her back, asked us not to kill her. We assured her we were not savages, and only shelled the town to drive the soldiers out so we could cross over with our command.

Our boys were remarkably polite to her, in fact, we were polite to ladies, both Confederate and Federal. After some firing our command crossed over the Potomac river, but our caissons were delayed and most of our ammunition was damaged by water, but after getting over, dried the same and replaced the shells in their proper places in the shrapnel cases. After crossing with our entire command of infantry, artillery, and Light Dragoons, we had frequent skirmishes with the enemy with our advance pickets, and the Federal cavalry retarded our movements very greatly at times.

Capt. Carter, of the Howitzers, in command with a detachment second and third gun, made some good shots at some of the enemy's pickets. I was detailed to go to a spring near a peach orchard on our left wing between two fires, and, bless your life, the leaden pills flew thick as hail around your humble servant's head, and, don't you forget it, I overlooked filling up one-half of the canteens, as that was rather an unhealthy place. We, or I, would say, both sides were fighting for that spring, as it was hot and water scarce, and I called it the Battle of the Spring.

One of our rifle pieces knocked over an impertinent cavalryman on a white horse one morning on that advance. The fellow would

come to the brow of a hill, wave his sabre and then move down again until at last we got a fair rake at his Royal Highness and he never SMILED AGAIN. I saw many handsome ladies on our march up the rich valley of Pennsylvania, and one of them told my companion, Tom Miller, who was feasting on her cherries in front of her residence, on the Turnpike, that the Yankees would bury him beneath the waves of the Juniata river for stealing her cherries. But Tom replied, laughingly, "It takes, madam, several to play at that little game"—he was not insulting at all. I took it as quite a good joke. A pair of game cocks near this house were fighting as my gun passed along when a comrade very quietly captured them and tied a cord around their legs and threw them across the pommel of my saddle, and I did not object, for that night when we went in camp where His Royal Highness was picked and cooked, was not very hard for a hungry soldier to swallow. The people, at least the farmers, live different from the people of old Virginia—their barns are always the best looking houses, and their dwellings are very small and ugly-looking. Their barns, for the most part, are painted and their dwellings rough-looking, being built of stone and rocks. The first place of any note was the town of Greencastle, quite a

handsome place, too. At this place I drove a trade with a citizen for some butter, giving him a twenty-dollar greenback and he gave me in return a ten-dollar Pennsylvania State note, which afterwards, to my surprise, proved to be worthless.

This is a great country for apple butter and honey and in the times of peace I would not object to living in such a fertile and beautiful section of the United States as this Pennsylvania valley. We then passed through a dirty and rather cut-throat looking village by the mountain side called Funkstown. But, strange to say, this was a great place for the manufacture of essence of peppermint and sassafras oils and different drugs and medicines. I made a small purchase of this peppermint from the proprietor or manufacturer. His name was Doctor Stonebraker (I think these two names, Funkstown and Stonebraker is enough to break a man's jaw). Dr. S. was rather an ugly looking old Dutchman, but, I must say, however, he was very polite and was rather a jolly old fellow after all. He remarked that General Lee's soldiers looked like they knew how to fight. He also remarked on their good behavior. Near this point I was sent out to forage for our commander I was furnished with an army wagon drawn by four

splendid mules and an experienced teamster and four light dragoons armed with six-shooters and carbines slung across their backs and sabres. I foraged mostly for provisions for the company, and in many instances I was compelled to demand them of the citizens, as they refused to sell, and I told them I would take the same by force if they refused, and when it came to that they succumbed. I always, in such instances, paid them an outrageous price to show that we did not wish to rob them. They seemed, however, much pleased at the large amounts I paid them. Greenbacks were furnished me by the government for the purpose which, of course, was a legal tender for everything in that section of the country. They would turn their noses up at Confederate money, which was perfectly natural. Many of the old farmers' wives were very tart and sharp, but old soldiers did not mind the growls of human beings when they got hungry, especially when the war was carried into Egypt. They then experienced how our poor mothers and fathers felt when their cavalry carried waste and destruction in the various homes of the Old Dominion and other States in the South. This thing, dear reader, you call war is very easy to read about, but when one comes to realize it it is an awful thing, and may I never again expe-

rience another civil war among Americans, which is disgraceful, to say the least. Well, soon after this foraging expedition, which was a very successful one, the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, ensued, and it was of a most gigantic nature. But I am little too fast. Before this great encounter the city of Carlisle, where the U. S. Barracks and magazines and U. S. Arsenal were destroyed by our forces by a marauding party. The town was nearly wiped out by fire. This very much terrified the citizens, and they could hardly realize what was going on, but the thunders of our guns gave these people to understand that the bronze-faced sons of Dixie's Land were getting a little revenge. Their screams were pitiful, but that did not shock the nerves of Confederate soldiers, whose parents had suffered in the same way by Federal soldiers. And just here I would remark "That revenge is sweet." As we captured many fine horses and many of ours being crippled, we hitched these fresh animals to our wagons to rest our own. Well, in a few days after the burning of Carlisle came the famous Gettysburg engagement. As our battery of artillery was, during the march, near the rear guard, I did not participate in the commencement on the evening of the first, and when we were in ten miles of the

battlegrounds we could hear the booming of cannon, which echoed to us that that great battle had commenced. Before we got up that evening our forces had driven the enemy from the Gettysburg Heights and were master of the field, but, strange to say, were foolish enough not to follow up their victory as on many other occasions, viz. : Bull Run, and many other places. And just here let me say from this very neglect not to follow up this first evening's victory was the main cause of our army's defeat, as the enemy entrenched themselves on the strong hills north of Gettysburg, and made a stand. Those heights should have been held by us, and the day would have been ours just as sure as I am writing about the encounter. Although I was a private soldier I have an eagle's eye, and did not ask any man to tell me about the advantage of position, but before they entrenched themselves they would have never done so until their flying columns were reinforced by General Hancock's Division.

On the morning of the second my battery was stationed at or near Cemetery Ridge, near Gettysburg cemetery. It was on the left wing of our artillery corps.

The engagement commenced early, and at a signal, or fire by battery, our entire line of artil-

lery opened upon the enemy, and at the same time our infantry advanced in solid columns against the enemy's breastworks.

General Armistead's Division bore a very conspicuous part in this engagement. The General led his gallant men up to the muzzles of the enemy's cannons in person. A hand-to-hand engagement with the infantry came off, and the thundering of three hundred field pieces on the Confederate side, and many more on the enemy's, made one think that heaven and earth were coming together, and it was hard to distinguish friend from foe. We could at one time distinguish the enemy only from the flash of their guns, which looked like one long stream of lightning. The whole earth shook as if under the convulsions of an earthquake. The groans of the dying were awful to listen to; the shrieks of the wounded; the roar of artillery; the keen cracks of the rifle and infantry were a sight, dear reader, to behold. Although this was a field of death and destruction, it was grand to behold, and the scenery high above my most humble description. I saw at one place one regiment of our infantry lying stiff in death. They were ambushed by a large force of Federals from a piece of woods to our extreme right. But soon our men retaliated, for our guns both from artil-

lery and infantry, poured forth their most deadly missiles, and, I can assure you, over two thousand five hundred of the enemy bit the dust to pay for their smartness. The ground was literally strewn with their dead. This was a dearly bought victory for the enemy, and a disastrous blow to us, in a measure, from the fact they had the advantage of position. I had two horses killed here and was wounded. It was here that I was compelled to relieve a dead Federal soldier of his new pants, as I was nearly naked, but, dear reader, I had the charity to put mine on him, but this was through respect, as it did him no good, as the poor fellow was as dead as a rock. The enemy was badly crippled, as they could not follow up their victory. Our Sergeant, a most estimable gentleman, was wounded here, and afterwards died, and his last words were: "Oh, Jack, if I had a canteen full of hydrant water." He was placed in a barn, and a few hours afterwards died.

I had the misfortune to be captured in this fight. I was sent back to the wagon train with the sick and wounded, some three days after the main fight, but would have never been captured had it not been for the cowardice of Brig.-Gen. Jones' North Carolina Cavalry, who ran as fast as they could and did not pretend to save the

wagon-train, although General Jones was a brave man and tried to rally his men, but there was no fight in such vagabonds; they did not attempt to save us, but ran like sheep.

A part of General Bradley T. Johnston's command was there and fought, but the enemy's cavalry outnumbered them. Bradley Johnston's men fought like thunder, and if those cowardly cavalymen of General Jones' had half-way done their duty we would have never been captured. When the enemy came upon our wagon-train quite an interesting scene took place just at this point. One of the enemy's cavalymen came thundering up with drawn sabre, threw it in front of a wagon driver named Sam Liggon, of Richmond, Va., and demanded him to surrender, whereupon Sam asked the horseman to what command he belonged.

"First Virginia," says the horseman.

"So do I," says Samuel, "and what the Devil's the matter with you?"

"But, sir," says the inveterate Dragoon, "I belong to the First Virginia United States Army, and if you don't stop those mules I'll make daylight shine through you."

Sam said, very pitifully, "WHO-HO, JINNY."

"You had better stop, young man, for you don't belong to old Jeff. now."

“So I see,” says Sammy.

I had no side arms or weapons of any kind, not even a pocket knife, or weapon of defense of any nature, or I could have killed the Federal Dragoon with ease, as he did not see me for some time afterwards, and when he discovered I was wounded ordered me in the wagon and I obeyed. We were soon surrounded by the enemy's cavalry, who came up as thick as black birds. Their command was that of Major-General Kautz's Division of Cavalry. There were three thousand of the enemy's cavalry. They captured from us on this occasion over sixteen hundred prisoners of war, and an entire wagon-train containing sick and wounded soldiers, baggage, provisions, and army equipments. This was very galling for me to be a prisoner of war. Hard, hard, indeed, was it to swallow.

To get on with my story, we were escorted under strong guard through the mountain forges, and on our second day's tramp or march, our cavalry (Confederate) having heard we were captured, endeavored to retake us, and they came very near doing so, too, as they had a brisk encounter with the enemy in a mountainous county on the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, and it was nip and cut which would conquer. At last we were well satisfied that our

side was giving them all they wanted, as they mounted all the prisoners on mules and horses and filled the wagons as full as they could be gotten, and of all skedaddling you ever saw in your life it beat all whip and spur to get under their infantry guard as the Confederate Cavalry was in hot pursuit and had driven them so close that their shots came whistling in our midst and came near killing some of us prisoners. The farmers were very watchful in guiding the enemy and making known to the Federal Cavalry all of our movements. They could be seen coming out from different roads and paths through the dense woods pointing the different and best routes for their fleeing columns to escape with their prisoners and booty. And by long and tiresome marches they finally landed us safely with the infantry of General Wilson, who had his remnant of army reinforced at or near a place called Middle or Millboro, the exact name I do not remember.

There we were placed in cars and shipped under strong guard to the city of Baltimore, Maryland. When we arrived at Baltimore the prisoners were stoned by some low-lived citizens who had the cowardice and brass to perform such a job to a lot of helpless and defenceless prisoners of war. This I shall never forget or

forgive as long as time lasts. We were then escorted to Fort Federal Hill and placed under a fresh guard. There we were kept many days and many citizens in hacks and other vehicles came down to the fort to see us live rebels. We were then placed on board an ugly-looking steamship called the Ashland. (By the way, she now plies between Richmond and Philadelphia as a freight steamer.) There were so many on board this vessel that great numbers died from suffocation or for want of pure air, as the hatches of the vessel were closed, which was cruel in the extreme. Although I was going to a prison it was really a pleasure to get rid of that dirty and awful and highly perfumed ship, for of all filthy places that ship beat all I ever saw in my life, and I do not wish to ever again know such a place, although I will go on to show that the prison barracks at Fort Delaware were equal, if not worse. There I remained through a most awful, hot, broiling summer. This prison is on an island which is made land, and after a rain one of the muddiest places on God's green earth. Thousands of us had to march through this mud daily to our so-called meals of salt pork and bean soup that were enough to make a dog vomit, and a very small quantity, too, dear reader. I have seen men actually die from star-

vation before they would continue to eat this stuff daily dealt out to us to fill our empty stomachs, and many a day have I gone hungry for the lack of proper nourishment.

I had the nerve one day to evade the guard at the sally port of the fort and thereby gained admission to Major-General Scheapp's office, who then commanded the fort. He seemed somewhat surprised at first on seeing me in his presence, but I soon narrated to him how I caught the guard a-napping and gained entrance. He then imprisoned the guard and asked me my business. I soon made known my wants.

"General," says I, "I have been here now eight months and am nearly dead from sickness and starvation, and I want you please to grant me a parole to take fresh air outside of the prison barracks, and it will save my life, as I do not wish to die in such a place as those barracks."

"He then looked at me steadily and remarked, "I grant your request young Rebel, but, remember, if you endeavor to effect your escape from the island, you will be shot."

"All right, General," says I, "You will never have the pleasure."

I was very glad to obtain this pass or parole, I may say, and by this means I helped many and many a poor comrade by purchasing for them

eatables at the Sutler's shop near the fort, and a great many of them gave me a portion to keep me from starving, for it was impossible for me "to go" hard tack for breakfast, dinner, and supper every day. In winter it was not so hard to eat the same diet every day.

Yes, reader, it is this that killed so many of our prisoners. The best army surgeons says so, as it produces scurvy, scourge, and eruption of the blood, and death soon ensues in consequence of various diseases contracted therefrom. I have seen hundreds die daily at one sickly period during my prison life at Fort Delaware. The vermin or body lice played sad havoc amongst the soldiers in the main prison barracks. I have caught as high as one hundred and eighty a day from my clothing. All kinds of diseases were prevalent at this place, such as small-pox, scurvy, black ear, scarlet fever, blue legs, and swollen ankles, arising from tramping through the blue mud and many other loathsome diseases I do not care to mention, and many a poor fellow have I seen buried in undressed board boxes (not coffins) and their bones are now bleaching under the pines of the State of Delaware on a long sand beach, and many a Southern mother, sister, or sweetheart may find their darlings buried on

that lonely, God-forsaken place of dead man's bones.

They say that necessity is the "mother of invention." Now, dear reader, that must be so, for suppose I tell you that on many occasions have men made their escape from this loathsome place and prison hell by sneaking away at night from the dead house in these coffins intended to bury the dead next day and ventured across the wide Delaware bay, which many did, and made good their escape. Some of them were strong enough to swim across, which is a distance of three miles from the fort to the main land, so I am told, although I do not know the exact distance myself; anyhow, I never thought I was capable of crossing the Rubicon, for it would have been folly in me as I was so emaciated from prison-life. However, I do not think over forty odd ever made their escape in this manner out of twenty thousand prisoners confined there during my prison-life, as extra guard were put around the entire island not ten feet apart, so as to make escape next to impossible.

After so many deaths amongst the prisoners of war it became prevalent that the men were on the eve of making a rush for liberty and capture the fort and thereby gain possession of the guns, but this would have been death itself, for when

these facts became known to the prison officials the guns of the fort were double-shotted and a fleet of gun-boats surrounded the island in a few day, and two batteries of artillery were sent outside of the fort, loaded with grape and cannister, which would have subdued or murdered the last man of us, had an uprising taken place amongst our poor, helpless soldiers.

I have seen many outrageous acts committed by the Federal soldiers during my prison-life North. Such as bayonetting prisoners, handcuffing them, and tying them up by their thumbs and such like shameful acts, which were barbarous in the extreme to prisoners of war, who were as helpless as turtle doves or carrier pigeons.

Now, dear reader, after being confined here I was transferred to Point Lookout prison, at the mouth of the Potomac river on the Chesapeake Bay. This is a healthy locality, and Point Lookout, in days of peace, is really a first-class watering place during the heated term. And to give the devil his due I cannot justly complain of my treatment at this prison. I was allowed to correspond with my friends and relatives in the South, and some distant relatives of my wife's in the North, and by politeness I was put in charge of the baggage department at this place, and also the bath rooms for the sick pris-

oners, and, I assure you, that I kept clean if I did nothing else.

It was here that I first saw the notorious Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, of New Orleans' notoriety. He visited the prison one day and ordered clean clothing for the soldiers and some provisions for the prisoners who were confined there in beds from diseases and gunshot wounds, and, I must say, after this kind treatment, I formed a good or better opinion of General Ben. And he was not regarded after this soldier-like act as being one of the meanest men in the country, for he soothed and comforted many an aching heart and hungry stomach and clad many a naked Confederate soldier by this grand manœuvre of his. Whether it was to gain popularity or not amongst us I cannot tell. And whether or no this man, after this act, ever committed the barbarous acts he was accused of at New Orleans is a matter of history, and it seems strange he could commit such unsoldier-like acts after his kindness to prisoners of war at the Point Lookout prison barracks, to which the writer was an eye witness, having been confined there for a long time. I have now said enough concerning General Butler for the present.

I saw a most gallant act at an escape made by a Louisiana captain and his brother, of Shreve-

port, Louisiana, who were prisoners of war with me. On a dark, snowy night those brave men waded up to their necks out in the bay and walked up to coast three miles above, and after all, came out on the outer guard, who captured them and brought them back to the prison barracks, where I was then confined. They were nearly dead. Their teeth chattered from the extreme cold and hazardous performance they had ventured upon. They were allowed dry clothing, but were, however, tied up by their thumbs until they fainted. This punishment was meted out to those for endeavoring to make their escape from prison. Yes, it was hard, indeed, to see those gallant brothers of ours used in such a cruel and heathen-like manner, but such, dear reader, is the fate of a cruel war like ours, to speak of it in as mild and balmy a manner as you can possibly request.

I here remained for several months when I was exchanged. I was much elated when I reached good old Richmond and kissed the "earth," and after paying my due respects to friends and to my sweetheart, now my present wife, I embarked on a trip to visit my dear old parents in Gloucester county, Va., as I had a prisoners' parole furlough. You may judge how long I had been absent from my native county

and parental roof, for when I entered the residence my old father did not know me. The old gentleman, who is now dead, said, "Good morning, sir; what will you have?"

At last I brought a hacking cough, which was a habit from boyhood days, and he said exulting, "Dear wife, it is our son Jack! My son! my son! is this our boy? May the Lord have mercy if it isn't really our Jack," and now, dear reader, I was overjoyed to see my aged parents once more on this earth, for after encountering so many hardships I really never expected to again, but surely there is a Divinity that shapes our ends, and I felt that Richard was himself again.

You may now imagine what kindness was shown me, as the neighbors all called on me who knew me from childhood, and the good country meals that were spread before me in abundance made me soon forget all about the privations of a soldiers' life. But this treat did not last very long, for I was informed that the enemy was coming in force up York river, and my father's old true and trusty servant, well known as UNCLE MOSES, an experienced oysterman, told me I would again be captured if I did not conceal myself at once, which I did, for I knew what a prisoner's life was, and I made up my mind not to go there again alive. The enemy

was seen to land a large force of Light Dragoons at a landing on the river called Purtain, and they scoured the entire county for horses, cattle, and plunder of every description. They then came to my father's residence and killed all the fowls in the yard, and insulted my poor, old parents, who could not protect themselves. My father had a fine mule; his name was DIXIE, and when my father heard of the approaching enemy he ordered the mule to be concealed in a piece of pine woods close by the main dwelling, and as the Federal horsemen came up some of their horses commenced to NEIGH, and immediately the foolish mule followed suit by belching forth his most royal bray, and it seemed he would never stop, either. He was soon taken charge of by the enemy, and two of them mounted him, and as he was very stubborn, commenced to kick and pitch. He finally threw both of them almost senseless to the ground, and strained off. They did not follow him up, but father was close enough to hear one of them remark, "Let him go, as he is nothing but a damned old secesh mule, anyhow," and they did not molest Mr. Mule again, and soon passed out of sight. They even took the hens that were on their nests, and broke up all my mother's crockery, drank all the sweet milk, and sour milk they threw away,

then broke the milk-pans. I swore vengeance after this.

After their departure I came from the woods, where I was concealed at a distance, and went in the house as soon as I thought it prudent to do so, and how terribly mad I was, but I could do nothing, as I was on parole, and it would have been folly in the extreme for me to have shown fight to over three or four mounted horsemen, and as the enemy was continually hovering around the upper part of the country I did not deem it prudent to remain at home any longer, and, therefore, did not have the extreme pleasure of spending my furlough at my old country home. I took leave of my parents. It was sad to part, and it makes my very heart ache to recall such unpleasant recollections of the past, but I made myself rather contented by saying, "Such is the fate of war." I found it to be a hard time getting back to the city of Richmond, for whilst going up the York river, in an open boat, I was fired at several times by a very long, black, rakish-looking gunboat of the enemy that came steaming up at full speed, and was patrolling the river. It was near four o'clock, and it was a sad sight to see nothing whatever on this beautiful stream of salt water but that lone gunboat that was seeking whom they might devour,

and they came very near gobbling me up, for it was calm and I pulled my boat across on the King and Queen side, and as I entered Hockings creek a broadside was fired at me. The shells flew all around me; I then jumped out of the boat into the creek, swam across the creek, and as I started to get out the place was very muddy and both of my boots held fast. I pulled and left them, and they are there yet I presume, as I never went back to look for them. I then ran with full speed across a marsh covered with short porcupine undergrowth, and as I had nothing but my stockings on my feet were torn and literally cut to pieces and bled profusely. Oh, how it did hurt me, and as I had to run over five hundred yards one can imagine the excruciating pain I endured. The enemy kept a constant fire at me, but their shells went in several feet harmlessly by, and, I can assure you, much to my hearty approval, as one of them came almost too near for good luck. I soon got to the woods, and they found out I had gotten the best of them, ceased firing, and returned down the river again at full speed, as it was then getting pretty near sundown. I roared like a lion when I halted and swore to have some revenge for this. I made for the first farm house I came across. The kind-hearted landlord, after finding I was a Confed-

erate soldier, which was a rare sight down there, was remarkably polite, and after I related my adventure with the gunboat they did all they could for me. I dressed my feet and they gave me a pair of thick knit country socks and a pair of second-hand shoes, and, after partaking of food and a night's lodging, early next morning I pointed my nose towards old Richmond. I crossed the Pamunky river, or should have said Mattaponi river, above West Point, and soon walked through King William. I then crossed at the White House on the Pamunky and walked up the York river railroad, a long, dreary trip it was, too, to Richmond. I then called upon several friends in the city and after getting new clothing I soon again joined my old command, the Third Company of Richmond Howitzers, in front of the city on the Nine Mile road.

All of the boys were very glad to see Jack once more and I to see them, also, for it was a real pleasure to again be with my old companions in arms and brothers in peril. The first night whilst in camp I narrated to them my prison life and found it almost next to impossible to get through ever answering questions. I had been a prisoner so long that at first I was somewhat green on a drill, but I soon became familiar with the handling of the cannon, and it was not

long before I could sight a piece and drill as well as ever. It was but a few days, however, before we broke camp and marched out again to meet our old enemies, the persistent soldiers of UNCLE SAM, at a place called Laurel Hill Church, and very near to Dr. Farrar's residence. We whipped the enemy here, and captured many negro prisoners, and I must say a very disgraceful occurrence happened here. A member of a Texas regiment had his brother killed that morning, and when we had taken some of them prisoners, he, the Texas man, commenced to retaliate, or, in other words, avenge his brother's death by shooting prisoners down in cold blood. He succeeded in killing four before he was checked. The fifth man made good his escape, although volleys were fired at this yellow-faced Ohio negro as he screamed and yelled, and of all running this sight did beat all I ever heard of or saw during my entire campaign. I thought this was rather cowardly, as prisoners were helpless, and most deeply did I condemn such an act. I called this deliberate murder, but as I might be condemned for so freely speaking my open and candid opinion about the killing of an enemy I leave this subject for the reader to say whether or not I am justified in making the above assertions, but to make matters smooth and congenial

to all interested that such, dear friends, is the fate of a ruthless war.

We began to experience the horrors of this gigantic struggle between father and connections as was carried on during this grand fanfaronade of ours. The good Lord knows there were at times such sights seen and such barbarous acts committed on both sides, Confederate and Federal, that it was enough to melt the heart of a Durham bull, a jackall, or hyena.

But I now pause and will inform you that in a few days a very large force of the enemy, mostly negroes, attacked Battery Harrison on our right wing. They advanced in solid column across an open field and were as numerous as black birds in a barley field. They were rather good looking, too, for negro soldiers, as they advanced in a solid phalanx in their new blue uniforms and white cross belts, but they were not handsome enough to come into the fort, and this is similar to the old adage, which goes as follows:

“Is dat you, Sam?

No. ’Tis Jim;

Well, you’s e very good lookin’,

But you can’t come in,”

Yes, kind reader, it was here that the notorious big bald-headed negro, better known as Corporal Dick, to the soldiers of General R. E. Lee's army. Yes, Dick was a game kind of a nigger, and his boldness was well worthy of a better cause than his efforts to murder Southern people. He led his command and fell at its head, climbing the breastworks at Battery Harrison pierced by bayonets from our brave boys who nobly defended that fort that day. Our artillery played havoc amongst General Butler's colored soldiers on this occasion. I think I saw over seventy-five thrown down an old well, close by the fort, at one time. This WELL was a common grave for those unfortunate bands of enemies of ours, and it would have paid them much better to have been employed on some good farm than to stand in front of the ranks of Confederate game chickens to be slain as common fiends and their remains to be scattered as chaff before a wind. This was the first time I ever saw a can of condensed milk, dear reader. After the fight I, together with two of my comrades, walked in front of Battery Harrison and gathered up various relics from the battlefield. I picked up a can and read as follows: "BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK." I opened and tasted it. I found it very palatable, indeed, and so-much-so that a couple

of us swallowed the contents of a can in much less time than it would have taken for an ordinary milkman to milk a cow that would only give one quart at a time. After this our battery was but in few engagements, for during this end of the campaign I was taken with a severe attack of intermittent fever and was very ill at home, for I was at the end of the war married and called my wife's home my own. When the Federal troops entered the city the gunboats were blown up in the James and the explosion caused the very face of the earth to shake, the windows in our house being nearly shaken out. The bridges that span the James leading to the town of Manchester just opposite were burned by our own soldiers, and a good many houses or a greater part of Main street was burned to the ground, also. These were remorseless times, but as I was an old soldier, did not wonder at any awful thing that happened in these terrible days. I was held up in bed long enough in my feeble condition by Colonel ELIJAH WARREN, my wife's uncle, at the front window facing Broad street, to witness the enemy's cavalry come up Church Hill. They passed by our residence and looked up at us, but said or did nothing as they went galloping by on their fiery chargers. The city was very soon under Federal bayonets and

under martial law. I never again joined my command, for very soon during my sickness news came to us that General Lee, with the remnant of his most noble army of brave men, had surrendered at the county seat of Appomattox, not a great distance from the city of Lynchburg, Va., to General U. S. Grant, to a force four times as large. I was deeply sorry that I was not at the surrender. As I was at the beginning of this great contest between the States I should have liked very much to have been at its end. Although some old soldiers told me afterwards that I ought to be glad that I was not able to be there as it was a sad sight and an awful galling piece of business to see our old veterans lay down their arms forever after such brave exploits in the defense of a land they could not save from capture. One old veteran said it was far worse than fighting. Well, I should think so, dear reader, for here the days of General Lee ended. The lightnings may flash and the loud cannons rattle, but no sounds can awaken him to glory again, for here General Lee was dead forever, although his name will be cherished by his heart-stricken countrymen for generations to come, and all old Southern veterans who served with General Lee can point with pride to his gallant deeds and gentlemanly manners to rank

and file that were under him during the war, and I believe, dear reader, at this very day that the Federal soldiers revered and respected this great and glorious man, and America should be proud of such a man, as I do not begin to think that George Washington was his superior in any way, shape, or form, and if General Lee had been supplied with sufficient provisions as were really required, those Yankees would have been whipped horse, foot, and dragoon. Nothing but bread and meat whipped us, and not the lack of game, dear reader, and let me now and forever impress this on your minds, that you may tell your children that this is the experience of one of General Robert E. Lee's old soldiers, who did all he could for his native State as an humble private, as I did not fight for glory and gain, but for my country's rights, but whether I am condemned for fighting against the Federal Union I feel that I have no regrets, and my motto is war and ever shall be right or wrong my country, I mean, my State.

This was about all my experience as a Confederate soldier, and as I am not ashamed of what I did during those long and dreary days of the late war, I cannot help looking back with pride at what I did in the defence of my own, my native land, VIRGINIA, although when I entered the

army I was a mere youth of eighteen summers; and I return, thanks to Almighty God, for watching over and sparing my life in these days of terror, and, dear reader, I am open and frank enough to confess that I am not half thankful enough to the great king above for sparing me on so many occasions when I have seen others pass away as snow before the broiling sun, and I was spared, and how ungrateful I am, but war hardens the heart of man, I believe, and it seems to me that a man is stouter than all animals and can endure as many hardships as any living creature.

After the war I became a merchant and have had many trials and tribulations arising from different speculations, and if I were to begin to narrate my different exploits in a business way it would fill, dear reader, a volume much larger than Shakespeare, and up to this writing I am 42 years of age, and am a father of five beautiful children. Two are twins, and although I have to work very hard, I am as happy and contented with my lot in life as man can be, and I now, kind reader, leave you to ponder for a moment and ask you, were you in my place, would you be ashamed of having been a good old Confederate soldier, and would you be afraid to make it known to all mankind that you were not afraid

to expose your breast and sacrifice your all in defence of the Southern States of America, and especially the State of States, old Virginia?

With deepest and kindest regards I now close this brief, humble sketch of my boyhood days and experience as a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia during the late War between the States.

I remain your fond and affectionate countryman,

ANDREW J. ANDREWS.

A soldier in the Third Company of Richmond Howitzers.

A BRIEF EXPERIENCE AFTER THE WAR.

As I started, at first, to give a sketch of my life up to date, which, I hope, may not prove too lengthy, dear reader, I will now give you a very brief description of my numerous undertakings since the War Between the States, in private life, showing my various ups and downs. After the close of this national family quarrel I, as a married man, had several little folks to look after, and I first opened a store in an army tent, at the intersection of Broad and Twenty-second streets. I had to first get a permit from the provost marshal, which I readily obtained, and as goods of every description were very high, I could buy but little, or, in other words, but a scanty supply of goods at once. I did well, however, in this tent until one night some enterprising scamp, whilst my valiant clerk was asleep (no doubt inebriated) stole all my goods at one time, stock, lock, and barrel. Now, says I, this is healthy business; what shall I do to get another start. This was my commencement of my ups and downs in mercantile life. I was plucky, however, and I borrowed a hundred or so dollars, and soon went to work again. I then

built me a small wooden store, an outrageously common affair it was, too (by the way, it stands there yet, and is used as a carpenter's shop up to this writing, which bears date October 14, 1884, about midnight, writing this). I was very successful for a while in this wooden shanty and gathered in many a dollar from the neighborhood and transient customers. My partner conducted the grocery trade for some time, and the firm was well known as West & Andrews. We carried on the retail grocery business for several years very successfully and built up an extensive credit, and as we were both very aspirant, struck out in the wholesale grocery business, which proved very disastrous by giving too much credit and making reckless speculations and living too fast for good luck, and we both had large families, which we indulged very much. The consequence was we had to suspend business, which was very galling and mortifying to us indeed, as we were young, you may say.

In mercantile life my father, Captain William Andrews, of Gloucester county, Va., died soon afterwards. Then my only brother, a merchant doing business in Raleigh, N. C., died, also, and it seemed that misfortunes after misfortunes would bury me alive. Still I would not suck my paws and knock under, for I made up my mind

that Jack, as everybody called me, would not be classed with loafers. I then struck out for New York to seek employment, which I did, after a hard struggle. I lived with a first-class importer of fancy groceries, E. C. Hagard, 192 Columbus street, and would have done well there but my good wife would be constantly writing me, "Jack, come home, New York will ruin you." When, in fact, it was just to the contrary, for it was, as I might term, a business school, for, kind reader, I learned more about business in one month in New York than I would elsewhere in four or five years. This New York is a monstrous place, and a body cannot tell anything about it by merely a short visit. I remained there for some time, and was there during the French War, and the house I was with sold large quantities of canned goods and potted provisions to the French government. Hagard did a gigantic business, and at times was very clever, but as money was chiefly his God, he did not care much for any one except the Almighty Dollars he could make, but such, however, is the rule with most wealthy Northern houses. I soon succumbed to the enticing letters from home and returned to Virginia and for a while remained inactive. However, I found out this would never do, for with a large family to

support, I soon found out this was a new beginning of war for bread and meat, and I at last struck out once more like an old race horse to battle with the world. I first did one thing then another, and of all the various goods I dealt in would be a greater wonder than the curiosities in Noah's Ark. Sometimes I would make awful wild cat speculations. I would then again purchase goods too freely, and oh, ye saints, how the Yankee boys would come growling and a-squalling like hungry wolves. They at last found out I was cleverly disposed, and I got along somewhat better with them. I have sold goods, as stated, of all descriptions and denominations all the way from a pound of tobacco to cars heavily laden with Western grain and flour. I have handled as many goods as most men. I have seen days since the war that I have made as much as two hundred dollars in one day. Then again, from fondness of living and merry disposition, I would spend all I had at once and trust to luck to get more. I have never yet since the war seen the day but what I had a dollar, notwithstanding I am a poor man with a very large family, and I have yet to see the day but that my family could enjoy and always have had three good square meals ever since my married life, which is a little more than most poor folks, heavily bur-

thened as I am, can say, and I will wager one hundred dollars on what I say. I have had as high as twenty-five thousand dollars from various speculations at one time. Then, again, I have seen my pile melt away as snow before the broiling sun. I have seen days that my check was good for thousands, and I have seen days I could not raise twenty dollars. I have owned all kinds of property from a setter dog up to vessels that sail the briny deep. It has been my sad experience, dear reader, that a man never lacks for friends with full pockets, for just at that particular time they are so very polite and more numerous than at others, and a man should always have a few dollars about his old clothing, it matters not whether the weather is fair or foul, although it is not an easy matter to always have matters as one would desire.

A WILD GOOSE HUNT.

As I have already stated in my commencement of this brief sketch of my boyhood, I was remarkably fond of hunting. I bought a small sloop, two tons burthen, about the fall of the year 1878 for the purpose of engaging in the oyster trade and other traffic on the various rivers on the Virginia coast. The craft was a

handsome one, and although small, was staunch and new, and I gave the snug little sum of two hundred and seventy five dollars for same. But to be very brief I, dear reader, did more sporting than work. On a bright clear winter's morning I stored up my gallant yacht with provisions of the best, consisting of canned meats, fruits, and a stock of choice liquors. I then got me a pilot and an experienced sailor to go on board with me to join me in my wild fowl hunt down the James river. The wind was fair and weather very fine, and very soon we came up on wild geese about forty miles below City Point. Just at this time the wind blew hard, and the river was very rough, and found it quite difficult to get in range of the geese. However, we soon came within range of a flock and the gun was a huge one, yes, the largest sporting gun I ever saw. I fired a shot from the port bow of the vessel and the report was as loud as a cannon, and although the distance was far I crippled my goose; I then went back to the cabin as fast as I could to reload and just as I came on deck and was in the attitude of loading, the pilot said, "Mr. Andrews look out, it is necessary to jibe the mainsail in order to come up quick on the crippled goose." I was so elated I paid no attention to what he, the pilot, had said, and lo and behold,

I found myself knocked overboard. I was struck a stunning blow by the main bow as it came over and a most terrific gash did it make, too, on my forehead, and had I received such a blow on land I would have been knocked senseless, but I was knocked headlong in the cold river and the icy water counteracted the severe shock and as I sunk very deep I soon arose with gun in hand. I had on a large heavy overcoat and water-boots, and in order to save my life I let the gun go to the bottom, which was at least sixty feet deep; I then laid flat on my back, as I was a good swimmer, and hauled off my boots and overcoat. The water was intensely cold, but all of a sudden I thought of a fellow in New York having a policy on my life for three thousand dollars, and as I knew that my untimely death would be hailed with joy by the holder of said policy; this buoyed me up, and says I to myself, that New Yorker won't have the pleasure of drinking champagne cocktails on the proceeds of my misfortunes, and I became as athletic as a prize-fighter and as supple as a monkey, and although I was over a hundred and fifty yards in heavy waves, too, I swam aboard of my yacht, Two Brothers, as fast as a canvassed back duck, believe me, dear reader, or not, I walked one-half the distance with my body out of water; in other words, what

is termed nautically "tread water." There was swinging astern of the vessel a small life-boat and I was so waterlogged from heavy clothing that when I caught hold of it the boat filled with water and I then held fast, and caught hold of the cable and got alongside of the sloop, which was bobbing about in the heavy waves and head up in the wind and her sails flopping like an old duck in a thunder storm. The reason of this was the pilot and sailor had become much frightened, and seeing me sink, ran in the cabin screaming and left the vessel to wrestle at will with the heavy waves. When I grappled the small boat I yelled for help at the top of my voice, when up sprang Gentry, the pilot, "My God," says he, "Mr. Andrews is that you?"

"Of course, you fool, who else could it be but me; help me at once."

Out bounced the other man who was my wife's cousin, and they both grabbed me back of my neck and one arm and hauled me in. I was much exhausted, and I do not ever care again to repeat the dose for that *wild goose got the best of that frolic, and don't you forget it.* After I got aboard I could hear his majesty ejaculate in his most broad wild goose yell, "Kouk, Kouk, Koug," and the young wild ducks scream, "Skafe! Skafe!! Skafe!!!" and George, says I,

and "Narrow escape for Jack." I then went in the cabin and changed my clothing and took quite a slug of old rye whiskey, which, by the way, was very fine, and came in finely, indeed. There was a splendid fire in the cabin and I soon became comfortable and it was not many hours before Richard was himself again. I had on my person some four hundred dollars in greenbacks, which, from being badly soaked, were terribly mutilated, and I had to be very cautious in unrolling them to prevent a total loss. I, however, succeeded in drying them before the fire, although some of the notes were so badly mutilated after they became dry that I lost some of them. This goose hunt came near costing me not only much money, but my life, Although I was a wild and reckless kind of a man, that night after everything quieted down I gave thanks to the Almighty above for sparing me from a watery grave, and I can never be too thankful to Him that wills and directs the affairs of man, notwithstanding I had been through a long and bloody war and had seen death in every shape, manner, and form, and had met with hairbreadth escapes over and over again, but never did I meet with such a close one as I did on this long-to-be-remembered "wild goose hunt," for surely it was one in every sense of the

word. I then proceeded to Norfolk, and whilst there purchased a cargo of mackerel and cod-fish from a Boston trader, and then returned to Richmond. I soon became so disgusted with this vessel business that very soon afterwards I sold her for about one-third the original cost, and have not been on a *wild goose hunt since*.

A VOYAGE ON THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP MANHATTAN AND A TERRIBLE STORM, OR CYCLONE.

Well, reader, the old saying is quite a true one, that if a man ever starts to sail once he will want to sail and be on the water even if he has to sail the same as Captain Kidd did, but, however, I am not that kind of a rosebud, and my experience on the water goes to show very plainly that I was soon cured of the water life, which this voyage to New York and return will show. Our good ship, the iron screw propeller Manhattan, Captain Kelley commanding, left her moorings on her usual trip to New York, I think, just before Christmas, 1882, when we first started. It seemed to be an omen of bad luck, as in turning the ship around from the dock to get in the main channel she was grounded, and it took two steam tugs over three hours to get

her off. I came very near, as I was close to the wharf, of returning home again, as I remarked to several passengers this is just my luck, and, mark you, *we are going to have a hard time of it*, and I will go to shore. Soon it came very true Nonsense, says a friend, man alive, don't be so superstitious. Never mind, says I, you will see what I say is so. Well, after jerking, puffing, and hard thugs and wrenching, our gallant steamer was very soon gliding down the noble James. The scenery during the winter down this river is not very pleasing to the eye and nothing worth noting can be seen but marks where once stood breastworks and port holes during the late War Between the States, and the most noted place along the river is Dutch Gap, or better known as Ben. Butler's Ditch. It cuts off a considerable number of miles coming through that particular bend in the river and at that season of the year the beautiful foliage along the banks of the river is withered by the chilly blasts of winter and nothing but tall pines or naked bushes or frosted marsh grass greets the eyesight. However, I did not fail in going down the river to be very particular in pointing out to a fellow-passenger on the steamer the noted place where I had that celebrated *wild goose hunt of mine*. I narrated it to him, which

amused him very much. After partaking of several mint juleps and two or three most elegant meals our steamer soon reached the city of Norfolk, and at that place we took on lots of passengers and a very heavy freight, consisting of cotton and other merchandise for New York city. Whilst the steamer was at the wharf in the harbor of Norfolk it turned awfully dark and cloudy, and from the storm signal we were notified that a severe cyclone was raging on the sea-coast. A man came aboard the ship before she left and warned our captain not to go out that night, but go he would; however, it blew so very hard that we anchored in Hampton Roads. The wind was terrific. Both of the ship's anchors were thrown over to prevent us from dragging ashore, and the wind was so severe that the donkey engine had to be kept at work all night to keep the ship's head up in the wind. I soon retired for the night, but the wind blew so that I could not sleep at all. About midnight the wind lulled somewhat and the captain gave orders to weigh anchor and started out. As it was quite smooth until we got outside of the Capes of Virginia, when the seas commenced to roar like a lion and the wind whistled and howled similar to the yells of hungry wolves. Oh, my! how awful it was; the great seas would

dash and strike us as much as to say, how dare you to be out here in a mermaid-like spank, similar to an old granny severely whipping the little one for screaming too loud. But ah, dear reader, it continued for days and nights and suppose I had the honor of telling you that it proved to be a first-class cyclone; yes, a genuine one. The waves would go almost mountain-high; the bright sea cap would foam like a mad bull at his mouth; the water would go up in spouts; the ship would reel and rock, skip and jump, first head up, then on her beam ends. The weather was bitter cold at one time; the ship was completely logged with ice and looked like an iceberg baffling on the mighty ocean. The coast was lined with wrecked vessels of all denominations. They were blown high and dry ashore, and numbers of them dashed to atoms by the angry sea. At night it beggared description. It was the darkest nights I ever saw, and the coldest weather I ever felt. It would snow and then rain in torrents, and blow! blow!! I never had seen the like before in my long life, for I know I have been on the ocean a hundred times and this voyage beggared description. At one time the ship was only going at the rate of four miles per hour. So, dear reader, you can well imagine for yourself what a steamer this was, and al-

though during its progress I would gladly swapped myself for a young lady's poodle dog or anything else to be once more on shore, for I never expected to ever see home, sweet home, again, but I can boast of saying I was in on of the very worst storms that was ever known on the coast of America. We were two days behind hand going from Norfolk to New York. During the storm of the third night at sea about four o'clock a wave struck us a most terrible blow and I thought go to pieces every minute we would. All the crockery in the pantry was broken to pieces; the wine glasses that swung in the cabins were dashed out. Passengers would run out of their state rooms in their night clothes frantic with fear, some screaming and others praying. I saw a young man who was so overcome with fright that his eyes all of a sudden popped out of their sockets almost as large as hens' eggs. I dashed a pitcher of water in his face and it somewhat revived him; he afterwards became conscious and all right. The purser was awfully frightened. He told me he was on the steamer Mary Dean from Dundee, Scotland, and was similar to this storm and that his ship was lost and he clung to the rigging of the ship three days and nights, and, says he, "Andrews,

you had better be praying as we are soon to be lost."

"Well," says I, "it is an awful night and awful time, but as I have not prayed as I should have done in good times ashore I think it very cowardly to ask the Lord to help me when in such danger unexpectedly."

But, dear reader, I did ask him to myself, for I made sure we were bound for Davy Jones' locker, which is a nautical expression for being as we call "drowned." This purser was awful penitent to all intents and purposes whilst in the rage of the storm, but to show the base ingratitude of the man, no sooner than the ship fired her gun for New York than he remarked, as follows: "Ah," says he, "Old Neptune thought that he had me, damn him, but I fooled him this time." But, says I, old fellow if you don't look sharp old Neptune will have the pleasure yet of seeing you gobbled up by some shark, as you would make toothsome bait after such ingratitude. However, this was only a jocular expression of mine and it was none of my business, for a sailor will be a sailor if you white-wash him or paint him. There was only one steamship to be seen on the mighty ocean during this storm, and that was a clipper iron-built vessel similar to ours; they were almost the

exact model, and she was called the "City of Macon," and traded between New York and Savannah, Ga. Our steamer was faster and when we arrived in New York the dock was crowded with people to see us, as it was reported our ship was lost. I was glad to put my feet on solid terra firma once more and, don't you forget it, my dear reader, for I remarked if I ever get through this a live man I will learn how to stay on shore for several weeks and months, which I have done. Well, after I remained several days in New York city I returned on the same ship, and a most pleasant trip it was. One could hardly realize he was on the same mighty ocean, and in the same steamer. I enjoyed the return trip very much indeed; the ocean had subsided and the water was as smooth as glass and the heavens as beautiful as could well be. Well, to cap the climax, I reached home on Christmas Day, and no sooner had I reached the shore than an old negro man says, "Mr. Andrews your old friend Dr. Vest got drowned on a duck hunt yesterday."

"Great heavens," says I, "can this be so," and will not trouble and sorrows end, for I dearly liked Dr. Vest, as we used to have fine times bird hunting together and his untimely death grieved me very much. Well, to go on with my story,

I reached my residence on Church Hill and the ground was awfully sleety and when I entered the threshold I was informed that there was a corpse in the kitchen, that a negro had gotten burned up. Do tell us some more news, for I have never had such an awful trip in my life, and on my return I am greeted with deaths by drowning and fire. Stop, says I, and tell me no more, for I am sick at heart. But as I have never seen anything ever since I was born I soon got over it and I must say I spent a very gloomy Christmas, as I was low in funds and felt very sorry at heart at the drowning of my hunting companion, Dr. Vest. However, time soothes all things; it seems it is the only medicine for trouble, as time soon buries grief and sorrow with mankind. And I very soon got reconciled again and pursued my usual hunting at times when I could spare a few hours from my business, and up to this writing, which dates October 20, 1884, I have never taken another sea voyage, for I had an excursion ticket in my pocket over a year old to go to New York and return and have not used it yet, for I have not gotten entirely over this trip in a cyclone, and I will always remember it until my eyes are closed in death, for I don't care to take any more such pleasure excursions on the briny deep.

Thus closes, dear reader my humble description of this terrible sea voyage.

A SAINT PATRICK'S DAY FROLIC.

It is a very bad thing for a man to drink, but you see I was born and raised in old Virginia style and my good old daddy used to learn us when small to drink grass in our morning bit-
ters, or, in other words, a weak mint julep before breakfast, and I have not really forgotten it since, although if I had never touched a drop of spirits, or bad tangle-foot, as I generally term it, I never would have experienced so much trouble. And my advice to one and all, high and low, and rich and poor, is touch not, taste not, handle not, for whiskey has caused more trouble in this world than a standing army of enemies. General John Barleycorn is hard to whip; he is invincible, and really I have never heard yet of his being licked by anybody; he is always victorious. Still men are so foolish as to be continually waging war with the gentleman, and always, in the long run, is badly handled in every respect, but to go on with this St. Patrick's Day spree would say that very soon in the morning of last St. Patrick's I commenced to celebrate

the day, and I became intensely intoxicated, and went into a saloon on Main street and asked for a drink; it was handed me; I swallowed it and paid for it; I then had so much aboard that I commenced to sing and the barkeeper ordered me out and I became terribly enraged at being insulted and told him that it was a public place and I would go when it suited my convenience, and he then dealt me a most stunning blow with a stick over my head, which bled freely; I then roared like a lion and drew a six-shooter and snapped it at his breast four times and just at this scene of this panorama I was taken in charge by a policeman and I was carried to court, fined twenty-five dollars and bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, which I have done ever since. How delightful I was to know, when I got over my spree, that Divine Providence watched over me, but I said old St. Patrick watched over me and kept that pistol from going off. For really I had no animosity against the man and had the pistol fired he would surely been murdered, and I, no doubt, strung up by the neck or imprisoned for life, all on account of using too freely old rye, which is the beginning and ending of all troubles pretty much, and may I never again be under the due influence of spiritous liquors, for it is the root of all evil, and

how thankful I am to know that I got through such an awful scene so well. Pen cannot describe my heartfelt gratitude to an unknown spirit that watched over and protected me. So, young man, take my advice, and shun the deadly serpent whiskey, bruise his head on every occasion, for nothing is so sure to bring a man in bad repute and poverty than the use of intoxicating drinks. Stick to cold water; it is healthy and will never get you in troubles of any kind and I close this very disgraceful sketch of a St. Patrick's Day frolic much to my chagrin and mortification.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH COUNTRY LAWYERS AND AN OLD JUDGE.

It seems that notwithstanding my numerous exploits on different occasions in my life that ever since the war I was continually food for lawyers, either by unfortunate speculations or otherwise, but the most ridiculous one was with a country judge. Although I must say others agree with me that I had a right to growl and grumble the way I was treated, which I will proceed to show. As I stated in my first sketch in life that my father lived and died in the county

of Gloucester, State of Virginia, and left my sister and self a small estate, which before the late war was quite valuable, but since the war for the serious lack of means it went fast to wreck and ruin, but chiefly from being in the clutches continually of the country lawyers. This was attributed solely that a division was asked for and the property was sold on one and two years without a cash payment and the purchaser kept it for two years, who became insolvent and the court granted another decree for the resale of the same property on same terms and when I learned this and in the heat of passion I wrote the following letter, which, of course, got me again in the claws of the lawyers, but I managed to work my affairs in the matter without being imprisoned or fined and fooled the lawyers good. The letter wrote to the judge read as follows, as near as I can remember :

RICHMOND, VA., March 20, 1884.

JUDGE JEFFRIES :

Sir,—About two years ago old Mr. Stafford Cooke, of Yorktown, was appointed to make sale of a piece of property left to my sister and self by my father, Captain William Andrews, of Gloucester county, Va., and I protested all I could against the sale on one and two years with-

out a cash payment, and everything turned up exactly as I expected. The purchaser failed and wronged myself and sister out of two years' rent, as poor as my sister is now. Sir, I received information from a lawyer a few days ago that he had gotten another decree for resale of same property on same terms. This was done without my consent and knowledge and to be defrauded out of two years' rent is enough for us to stand, and if you have any property to sell on one and two years, without a cash payment you can go ahead and sell it, and I will thank you not to be granting any more decrees of my property again on any such terms and I must say that an old experienced judge as you to ever in the first place to confirm a sale of real estate of a dead man's heirs without requiring from the purchaser one-third or fourth cash, then again to grant a decree on same terms. Now, sir, I most solemnly protest against it, and if you allow old Cooke, at Yorktown, to resell my property on such terms I will blow his God-damned brains out.

Yours, &c.,

A. J. ANDREWS.

Well, dear reader, the next thing I knew here comes a summons for me to appear at court, which reads as follows:

*The Commonwealth of Virginia To The Sheriff
of the City of Richmond—GREETING:*

“We command you to summons A. J. Andrews to appear before the Circuit Court of Gloucester county on the first day of the next term, the fifteenth day of May, at 12 o’clock M., to show cause, if any he can, why he shall not be fined and imprisoned in writing the above letter to the judge of the said court; also for a threat of violence to Stafford, an officer of the said court. Witness, John S. Cooke, Clerk of our said county, this 15th day of April, 1884, in the 108th year of the Commonwealth.

JOHN S. COOKE, C. C.”

I promptly responded to the summons and explained to the judge my feeling in the matter, and apologizing to the court I got off. The fine in this case was two hundred and fifty dollars and six months imprisonment, but I talked soft to this “old judge” and crawled from under his claws without paying a cent or being imprisoned either. Although, to speak the truth, I was terribly mad that I should be forced to apologize to the court for speaking the truth and defending my family’s rights. And I have since written that judge that he musn’t never speak to me again, for this property that caused me so much

trouble is the place I saw daylight and it being my old homestead, did not care to see it eaten up by the court. I have, however, had a good deal of experience with legal matters that I have become well versed on many law points and can paddle my own canoe in that line of business pretty well, although I must say it is anything but pleasant to have any case in court, or to be mixed up in legal matters in any shape or form. But, kind reader, I fear I have written too much, and pardon me for trespassing on your most valuable time as I only intended to make a very brief pamphlet of my boyhood days I must beg to come to a close, for if I were to begin to narrate my different exploits in this, my private life, since the war between the States up to date, it would be more astounding than the life of Robinson Crusoe and would fill a volume much larger than Shakespeare. Wishing you, kind friend, who may be troubled reading this humble scribble, wealth, health, and prosperity, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

ANDREW J. ANDREWS.

Formerly a member of the Third Company of Richmond Howitzers, and in this command I remained until the war closed.

A SKETCH OF THE MARRIAGE OF A. J.
ANDREWS TO HIS BELOVED WIFE,
MISS NANNIE C. PARKINSON, OF
RICHMOND, VA.

I deem it but a matter of my humble and sincere duty due my dear and beloved wife to give an outline of our marriage. As my courtship lasted for a long time I at one time thought I would never have the pleasure of every having my present lady for my wedded wife, as her beaux were very numerous and consisted of gentlemen of various rank and distinction, as follows: The gallant lieutenants and captains and surgeons of the Confederate army, and I, an humble private, had a hard time to captivate my dear wife. However, I believe matches are made in heaven or else I am much mistaken, for peculiarly my wife could have done much better, but pure love always wins. *We mutually loved each other*, which is a gift from above, and it is not ordained that man should ever unravel the works of Providence. Well, you may say that the war was at its end when our marriage celebration took place, and I now, kind reader, give you a brief sketch of same, although I should have narrated to you this sketch heretofore, but

as we are all very prone to omit very important matters and that it is not too late to do good and to add important matters to the sketch of one's private affairs I, therefore, have nothing more to comment upon and propose to give an outline of our marriage. As it required considerable pluck and nerve to get married in Confederate days, and it was looked upon as a very gallant act for a man to have the audacity to take unto himself a wife. However, I mustered up enough courage, and a few weeks before the end of the war my wedding was announced to take place, at the memorable St. John's church, as all well-educated persons know as being the noted place that Patrick Henry made his celebrated speech to the American people in which he proclaimed to the world, "Give me liberty, or Death." Well, as this church was the place appointed for our marriage a very large concourse of people gathered there to witness the marriage celebration. As stated before, it was a very remarkable thing in those days and times to see a marriage. The old church was densely packed from front to rear and its galleries to overflowing and the occasion was officiated over by the Rev. Dr. Norwood, of the Episcopal church. When my wife and self arrived at the church it was filled to overflowing; it was packed and

rammed and Dr. Norwood told my wife's mother, "Madam, it is a matter of impossibility to get to the altar to perform this solemn ceremony, and you will have to take your daughter home and must be married there." We obeyed the Rev. Dr. Norwood, and got in a hack and proceeded to our home on Twenty-second and Broad street, and the horses attached to our carriage stumbled and one of them were crippled, but, nevertheless, this was an evil omen we proceeded, and although as a very large concourse of people came to our private residence, we squeezed our way through this great crowd and were bound together in holy wedlock. Dr. Norwood took a glass of champagne with me and drank our good health. We were as happy as a couple of morning larks. Many people predicted that we would always have bad luck from the fact that one of the horses attached to the carriage or phaeton had been crippled, but I never listened to any such nonsense, although we have had at many times and on various occasions ups and downs in married life. We have ever been the same true and tried and affectionate couple. And I do not think that two people were more properly yoked together, for we agree to disagree, or, in other words, to use the Latin words, "disentire consentiamus." My wife is, in my

eyesight, a NONE SUCH, and I really do not think that I could hunt this wide world over and find a lady more suitable to my taste than my present beloved wife, for she is always to me the same devoted and affectionate wife. Come weal or woe and I cannot but feel thankful to Him above for giving to me my present wife, for I would not exchange her for one of Queen Victoria's daughters. And I regret very much of not always taking my good wife's advice on many occasions, for I have always regretted doing otherwise, as she has always given me nothing but pure and fair advice. Men may think they know everything, but they are sadly mistaken, for the pride of man is woman's love, and the love of woman is pure.

Yours respectfully,

A. J. ANDREWS.

— — —

A MEMORANDA.

SECOND SCRAPE WITH THE JUDGE.

As at times I am pretty high tempered I wrote another scalding letter to the judge whose court had charge of my wife and sister's property in Gloucester county, Va., from the fact the place was resold again without a cash payment, and in

a heat of extreme passion, thinking that my wife and sister had been badly used by the court I as stated herein wrote a severe and fast letter to his royal highness, "The Judge," but, bless your soul, the savage old fellow considering this a further and worse contempt of court had me hauled down to Gloucester Courthouse and locked up and fined forty dollars. I did not mind being locked up, however, as I had seen so much trouble in my life, as it was rather a change of schedule and while I was there an old soldier remarked, "Well, Jack, I see you have another scrap with the judge, but the old judge don't know you like I do or he would not have treated you so harshly. However, Jack," he continued, "I don't guess you have had such a resting spell since the war." Well, really, I could not help from laughing very heartily at his remarks, for such were the facts. After being released I was annoyed about the fine against me, and was told a capias would be issued against me, but I took time by the forelock and as I saw from the Code of Virginia that the Governor had a right to remit fines, I drew up a petition myself and called upon the Governor and General Fitz Lee and narrated my trouble and the good hearted old soldier immediately discovered that I had been provoked to anger and he immediately arranged

with the judge to stop all proceedings against me. As I had completed my little book and this was rather an interesting scene in my life I thought I would add this as a memoranda, and will now close.

Respectfully,

ANDREW J. ANDREWS.

Richmond, Va., July 17, 1886.

— — —

THE EARTHQUAKE AT RICHMOND.

I thought, kind reader, that I had completed my various ups and downs and sight-seeings, but it seems that wonders never cease to happen, and this pamphlet would not be complete without giving a sketch of the severe shock of earthquake that happened at this city on the thirty-first of August, 1886. All of my family had retired for a sweet night's repose, and as I had just been reading an interesting account of the severe earthquake in Greece I was the last one in the house awake, and at or near 10 o'clock I started to my bed chamber and I had just closed the back and front doors and had started up the stairway when I heard the steps crack and it seemed that the floor was moving. I stopped and I felt the house trembling terribly. At the

first instance I concluded that it was a heavily-laden freight train that passed under the Church Hill tunnel, but as we are accustomed to the noise from the cars from this source I went on and concluded that was the trouble, but to my extreme surprise I discovered this could not be from the noise of the cars, for in a few seconds the house shook like a ship in a storm. I opened the front door and I could see buildings nearly toppling over; the windows made an unearthly sound; the rattle was terrific; I then screamed in a loud voice to my family and told them we were experiencing a genuine earthquake shock, and told them to come out of the building. I was then in the street, and, says I, can this really be an earthquake, and is it possible that but a few moments previous that I had been reading about earthquakes in other countries, but to believe I was being made to know I was experiencing one so sudden at my own home and in this great America nearly staggered me, as it became apparent that it was a stern reality. I then concluded to walk up to the *Richmond Dispatch* office and find out if it was a general thing over the city, and on my way I could see ladies and children standing in the street in front of their residence terrified to death. I would stop and converse with them and nearly every one would

give the same description of the 'quake and then again others were too badly frightened to talk. I soon arrived at the *Dispatch* office and gave in my experience and whilst there I saw a gentleman who but a few minutes had been at Corcoran Hall, on Church Hill, to an entertainment, or society meeting. I don't recollect exactly, but he was so badly frightened that he could scarcely get through giving his description of this shaking up we were having. He remarked, looking as pale as death, that the building came near falling, and the men ran out pell mell, thinking that judgment day was close at hand. In a little while the fire bells commenced to ring, and it was reported on the streets that the penitentiary was on fire, but that was a mistake, as it was soon discovered that the prisoners at that institution were terrified from the earthquake shock, and fearing the walls would tumble appealed pitiously not to let them be demolished by the trembling walls. The military alarm was turned in and several military companies were soon on the spot to prevent the escape of the prisoners. My eldest son, who is a member of the Richmond Grays, remained out there with his command all night, whilst at the *Dispatch* office I heard a drunken fellow remark that the city had called out the military to fight the earthquake. The

very idea of soldiers being called out to tackle an earthquake was enough for me, although I could not help from laughing at such a remark. But this sight was too solemn for a man with common sense to be making merry over, for wicked man was made to see and know that his maker, Almighty God, was holding the destiny of this city in the palm of His hand. I am very glad that I lived to see the wonderful works of the All Wise Being. Before I saw this with mine own eyes I was much of the opinion that this earth we inhabit was always and would be forever, but I have changed my opinion on that point very decidedly, for this earth is but a mere bubble on the ocean, and in the twinkling of an eye this entire world, with all its grandeur, its cities, mountains and lakes and oceans, and the staunch and lofty ships that sail thereon can be all demolished. This very earthquake I verily believe was sent as a warning to the citizens of this United States, as it was almost a general shock over a greater portion of the Union, especially at Charleston, S. C., where death in every form and the destruction of property was greatest. This stroke and power of Almighty God is enough to convince His people, and to make them know that he was KING OVER ALL, and if they would not be convinced of his

supreme power that in this manner he would teach them this dreadful lesson, not soon to be forgotten, it matters not how hardened a sinner he may be, for this is but a warning, kind reader, that at the sound of the bugle-call of that great judgment day this earth will pass away and the struggling mass of living beings will, with their booty and glut for wealth and worldly show, sink to rise no more—

Earth to earth and dust to dust;
Here the evil and the just,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent grave are laid;
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side lie withering,
Here the evil and the just,
EARTH TO EARTH AND DUST TO DUST.

— — —

As I thought it would not be improper, concluded to add to this manuscript a few songs sung by soldiers in camp and several letters written to me whilst a prisoner at FORT DELAWARE AND POINT LOOKOUT.

SONG.

DIXIE'S LAND.

Oh, Dixie's land is de land of cotton
Old times dar am neber forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away,
 To Dixie's land.

Oh! I wish I was in Dixie,
 Hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie's land I take my stand
To live and die in Dixie,
 HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY! etc.

Oh, Dixie's land am de land of clover,
When you git drunk, git drunk all ober,
Look away, look away, look away,
 To Dixie's land.

Oh, I wish I was in Dixie,
 Hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie's land I'll take my stand
To live and die in Dixie.
Hooray, hooray, hooray, hooray!

Look away, look away, look away,
 To Dixie's land.

Oh! I wish I was in Dixie,
 Hooray! Hooray!

In Dixie's land I take my stand
To live and die in Dixie,

HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY! etc.

Ole missus married William Weaver,
William was a gay deceiver,
Look away, look away, look away;
I wish I was in Dixie,

Hooray! Hooray!!

In Dixie's land I take my stand
To live and die in Dixie.

Hooray! hooray! to live and die in
DIXIE.

Ole missus acted the foolish part,
And died for a man that broke her heart,
Hooray! hooray! hooray! hooray!
Oh, I wish I was in Dixie,

Hooray! Hooray!!

In Dixie's land I take my stand
To live and die in Dixie.

Hooray! hooray! to live and die in
DIXIE.

Oh, if you want to drive away sorrow
Do come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Hooray! hooray! hooray! hooray!
Oh, I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! hooray! hooray! etc.

WAIT 'TILL THE WAR IS OVER.

FIRST VERSE.

'Twas gentle spring the flowers were bright,
The birds' sweet songs were lovely,
I wandered in the moon's pale light
With the maid I loved so fondly;
Her face was fair with smiles to me,
With joy my heart ran over
To hear her sweet voice say to me,
Wait 'till the war, love, is over;
Wait love, wait love, wait 'till the war, love,
is over.

SECOND VERSE.

Sad I was to leave that maid,
The girl I loved so dearly;
Tears, yes, tears, from my eyelids fell,
Oh, my heart, it felt severely.
Her face was fair with joys to me,
With joy my heart ran over,
To hear her sweet voice say to me,
Wait 'till the war, love, is over;
Wait, love, etc., etc.

THIRD VERSE.

Sweet, gentle peace came to our land,
Our foes their flight had taken,
I hastened home with heart and hand,

To the Southern maid awaiting;
Her face was fair with joys to me,
My heart it near ran over
To hear her sweet voice say to me:
Come, for the war, love, is over,
Come love, come love, for the war, love, is over.

THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLES.

Sons of the South, awake to glory,
A thousand voices bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grand sires, hoary,
Gaze on you with trusting eyes;
Your country ever strong am calling,
To meet the hireling Northern band
That comes to desolate the land
With fire and bloodshed appalling.

Chorus:

To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on, march on, all hearts
Resolve on Victory or Death.

SECOND VERSE.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous brothers madly raise,
The dogs of war let loose am howling

And soon our peaceful town may blaze,
And soon our peaceful town may blaze.
Shall fiends who basely plot our ruin
Unchecked with guilty stride,
To spread destruction far and wide
With Southern blood their hands embracing.
To arms, to arms, ye brave,
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on, march on, all hearts
Resolve on Victory or Death.
With needy, starving mobs surrounded,
The jealous, blind, fanatics dare
To offer in their zeal unbounded
Our happy slaves their tender care.
The South through deepest wrongs bewailing,
Long yielded all to Union's name,
But Independence now we claim,
And all their threats are unavailing.

— — —

A NAVAL SONG BY THE UNION SOLDIERS AT POINT
LOOKOUT, MD.

THE CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

FIRST VERSE.

It often has been told,
The British steamer bold

Could flog the tars of France so
Neat and Handy, O.
But they never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch,
For the Yankee boys are fighting
And the Dandy, O.

SECOND VERSE.

The Guerriere, a frigate bold,
Upon the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by proud Dacres
The Grandeur, O.
Every choice of British crew
As a rammer ever drew;
They could flog the tars of France
So neat and dandy, O.

THIRD VERSE.

When the frigates hove in view,
Said proud Dacres to his crew,
Come clear the ship for action,
And be Handy, O.
To the weather gauge boys, get her,
And to make his men fight better
Give them a drink of gunpowder
Mixed with brandy, O.

FOURTH VERSE.

Oh, the British shot flew hot,
Which the Yankees answered not,
'Till they got within their distance,
So neat and handy, O.
Now, says Hull unto his crew
Boys, let's see what we can do;
If we take these boasting Brittons
We are the dandys, O.
The first broadside we poured
Carried the mainmast by the board,
Which made this lofty frigate
Look abandoned, O.
That old Dacres shook his head
And to his officers he said,
Lord, I didn't the Yankees
Win so handy, O.

FIFTH VERSE.

Our second told so well,
That her form and rigging fell,
Which danced her royal ensign
So neat and Handy, O.
By God, says he, we are done,
And fired a lee gun,
When the Yankees struck up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O.

SIXTH VERSE.

When Dacres came on board
 To deliver up his sword,
 Aloft was he to part,
 'Twas neat and handy, O.
 Oh, keep your sword, says Hull
 For it only makes you dull
 So cheer up and we'll take
 A glass of brandy, O.
 Come, fill your glasses full,
 And we will drink to Captain Hull,
 And so merrily we will
 Push about the brandy, O.
 Johnnie Bull, may taste his fill
 And the world say what it will
 For the Yankee boys for fighting
 Are the dandys, O.

— — —

A letter received from a Federal soldier at Point
 Lookout on my return from that prison.

POINT LOOKOUT, April 19, 1894.

FRIEND JACK,—I received your kind missive
 with much pleasure. That monument you made
 of stones and pebbles from the shore at this
 place I did not sell, for I never thought you
 would ever write, but I wrote home to New York

and told them to keep it to remember you by. I have received no letters from Miss ——— for you. The Federal soldiers here liked you for the respectable manner you conducted yourself and send their respects. Everything is lovely on the point. My friend, Dill, has gone to New Orleans.

Farewell, my dear friend, Bob, of the bloody New York Zouaves.

— — —

A LETTER RECEIVED FROM A FRIEND ON THE FLAG
OF TRUCE STEAMER.

STEAMER SHULTZ, JAMES RIVER, NOV. 15, 1863.

MY DEAR JACK,—Words cannot describe the joy at hearing from you, as we knew nothing or heard of you or your fate since the great battle of Gettysburg, Pa. Keep up your heart, my dear boy, and we will meet again soon I hope. I enclose you a little money, and will send you more when I can purchase greenbacks. All are well at home and send their best love to you. Everybody is anxious to see you once more. We are now near City Point, and our boat running regular to meet the U. S. exchange boat. Funds

will be sent to you from Washington by the Rev. Dr. Trumbull.

Affectionately yours,

J. M. W.,

Clerk Steamer Schultz.

A letter received from a member of the Third Howitzers on my return to Richmond from Point Lookout a prisoner of war.

— — —

CAMP THIRD HOWITZERS, FIRST VIRGINIA ARTILLERY, NEAR FREDERICK'S HALL,

LOUISA COUNTY, VA., March 8, 1864.

My dear friend Jack,—I heard yesterday with surprise of your arrival at the Confederate Metropolis from Point Lookout, Maryland, and hasten to offer you my congratulations on your early and suspected exchange. You cannot imagine how much we all miss you in camp and how many prayers (sincere and heartfelt) have gone up for your return, but "*Pardonnez Moi Monsieur*," I did not intend to make a declaration of my feelings and sentiments, but candidly, old fellow, when you return to camp, if we ever touch Pennsylvania soil again you and I will pay them back with compound interest for all

the sufferings, both mental and physical, they inflicted on you while in their power I have not time to finish my note as the young man is waiting for it, and so will close by subscribing myself,

Your friend,

E. P. MORRIS.

— — —

This manuscript is very respectfully dedicated to the Blue and the Gray, as it will, no doubt, be read with interest by both the old Federal soldier as well as the Confederate veterans. There is nothing contained in this manuscript but the plain truth and can be vouched for by living witnesses and genuine and original letters in my possession, which can be produced on demand.

Your humble servant,

A. J. ANDREWS.

— — —

RICHMOND, VA., July 2, 1889.

This is to certify that the writer of this manuscript was a soldier in my command during the War Between the States.

HENRY C. CARTER,

201569B

Late First Lieutenant Third Company Richmond Howitzers, Hardaway's Battalion, Second Army Corps.

— — —

THE BELLE OF STATEN ISLAND.

Beneath the shade of willow trees
That's wafted by a heavenly breeze,
Surrounded by a shell road
Stands a cottage
Built of brick and board;
Within dwells a lovely blond
And from youth was very fond.
I pause to give her full name
For from that I must refrain;
To see her drive around the park
By all it was allowed,
A fairer outside was never seen
An angel on the cloud.

Oh, Mary Jane; Oh, Mary Jane,
That lives in the highland—
Oh, Mary Jane, thou lovely girl,
The Belle of Staten Island.

Her eyes are blue as the sky,
And for her hand
Would lay me down and die.

Her ringlets and snow-white skin,
Ah, my,
Would make the North and South akin.
Oh, Mary Jane; Oh, Mary Jane,
That lives in the highland—
Oh, Mary Jane, thou precious pearl,
The Belle of Staten Island.

Years have flown
Since last I saw her
Standing in her cottage door;
Though her smiles
Are ever near me,
Though I see her never more.
Pale the moon-beams
Fall at evening,
Over thy head,
Thou lovely girl;
But thy face
Is fair as heaven
Precious angel, darling pearl.

Oh, Mary Jane; Oh, Mary Jane,
That lives in the highland—
Oh, Mary Jane, Majestic Girl,
The Belle of Staten Island.

ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS,
Richmond, Virginia.

August 29, 1901.

POEMS and SELECTIONS

By

ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS

POEMS AND SELECTIONS, by ANDREW
JACKSON ANDREWS.

DEDICATED TO GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

Beneath the shade of Hollywood trees,
That's wafted by a heavenly breeze,
The remains of a Confederate officer lay,
Whose deeds of valor we honor this day.
He fought for a cause he knew was just,
And sweetly sleeps in his country's dust.
He was not a traitor, coward, or knave,
But old Virginia's God-chosen brave.
Sleep on, dear brother, sleep;
Thousands of friends around you weep.
You have answered bravely Death's roll-call,
Fought for your country, one and all.
Thy deeds are immortal, thy race of life is run;
Oh! never will you see again
The rising and setting sun.
The lightning may flash and loud cannon rattle,
But never will you rise again to ever fight a battle.

A PRAYER.

Oh, Lord of Love! look from above
And mingle your prayers with ours;
Oh, fair maids! sweet roses bring,
And strew his grave with flowers;
Oh, mothers, brothers and sisters, dear!
Just drop your heartfelt tears right here.
Sleep on, dear brother, the sweet sleep of the brave,
For you fought for a cause you could not save.

Composed by,
ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS,
Richmond, Va.
Born in Gloucester county, Va., August 19, 1842.

TENDERLY DEDICATED
TO THE
CONFEDERATE DEAD, AND TO CAPTAIN JOHN LAMB,
FIRST AT HOME; FIRST IN CONGRESS; FIRST
TO RECOGNIZE VIRGINIA'S GREATEST
POET.

WHERE I WAS BORN.

Verse I.

In Gloucester county, on the old York river,
There is where my heart is turning, ever:

Near Cappahoosic, where I was born,
Early on one August morn.
Cappahoosic is the place
To cook your victuals and wash your face.
The best the market can afford
Is placed upon the teeming board,
Way down on the old York river,
There is where my heart is turning ever.

Verse II.

A land of oysters and of fishes,
A land of apples, and of milk and peaches;
A land of mosquitoes and of snakes,
A land of flowers and of grapes,
A land of snow-storms and of blizzards,
A land of scorpions and of lizzards,
A land of 'possums and of minks,
A land of quail and of bobolinks,
A land of proud aristocrats,
A land of squirrels and of gray-eyed cats,
A land of horses and of mules,
A land of colored public schools,
A land of churches and of stores,
A land of pine-trees and of crows,
A land of corn-cakes and of fritters,
A land of whiskey and of tansey bitters,
Way down on the old York river,
There is where my heart is turning ever.

Verse III.

The people with good things stuff their craw,
They fish and hunt and practice law;
Their favorite drink is the good mint-julep,
Their favorite flower, the beautiful tulip;
Their honeysuckle is very sweet,
But the lily-of-the-valley is hard to beat;
The roads are narrow and very sandy,
With horse and buggy we'll find quite handy,
Way down on the old York river,
There is where my heart is turning ever.
So this is the place where I was born,
1842, on the 19th of August morn.

AVENGE THE MAINE.

Dedicated to Captain Sigsbee and the brave heroes who
perished on the Maine in Havana harbor.

1. From America's fair land did sail
The warship Maine through storm and gale,
Answering to her country's call,
Representing us, one and all.
Her mission was a peaceful one,
Not intending to fire a gun;
While anchored quiet and peacefully,
Was sunk by Spanish treachery.

Chorus:

Avenge the Maine, avenge the Maine,
A burning shame, avenge the Maine!

2. Shall men from our fertile lands
Calmly fold their brave hands?
No, no; to war we'll go,
And strike the Spanish cowards low.
I hear the distant thunder hum,
The old line bugle, fife, and drum,

Chorus:

Avenge the Maine, avenge the Maine,
A burning shame, avenge the Maine!

3. Fall in, men, both black and white,
And show the Spaniards how we can fight.
Listen to the bugle's call;
Fall in, men, fall in all,
And answer to your names all 'round,
And strike the villains to the ground.

Chorus:

Avenge the Maine, avenge the Maine,
A burning shame, avenge the Maine!

4. Fall in, men, North, East, and West;
The Sunny South will do her best.
She belonged to us, she belonged to all,
So answer to your country's call.
Weep not, fair maids; the die is cast;
The boys will fight them to the last.

Chorus:

Avenge the Maine, avenge the Maine,
A burning shame, avenge the Maine!

5. Our gallant jack-tars on the wave,
Will give the Spaniards a watery grave;
While we on shore, with bayonets bright,
Will knock the poltroons out of sight.
So fall in, men; fall in all,
And answer to your country's call.

Chorus:

Avenge the Maine, avenge the Maine,
A burning shame, avenge the Maine!

DEDICATED TO THE WAR BETWEEN SPAIN
AND AMERICA.

I hear the bugle's blasting, and rattling of the drum,
War is commencing, so now look out for fun.
They will knock old Blanco out, ah, that's just what
they'll do,
With the boys that wear the gray, and the boys that
wear the blue.

The navy is a-sailing over the ocean blue,
The army is a-marching to join the navy, too;
Havana is the place where they'll start to fight
To knock old Blanco out, boys, and kick him out of
sight.
They will knock old Blanco out, boys, ah, that's just
what they'll do,
With the boys that wear the gray, and the boys that
wear the blue.

They will soon capture Blanco and hang him up a tree,
And drive the haughty Spaniards from the land of
liberty.

They will knock old Blanco out, boys, ah, that's just
what they'll do,
With the boys that wear the gray, and the boys that
wear the blue.

They will then sail to Cadiz, and there they'll conquer
Spain,

The Spaniards will ne'er return to Cuba's land again.
They will knock them out of sight, boys, ah, that's just
what they'll do,
With the boys that wear the gray, and the boys that
wear the blue.

When the war is over, the boys will return
To the land of milk and honey, with laurels justly
earned,
And tell us with eyes flashing bright
How they knocked Blanco and the Spaniards out of
sight.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Manila Fleet, by A. J.
Andrews, Richmond, Va.)

THE OLYMPIA.

On the Philippine coast she ruled the roast
When Dewey was her captain;
Neat hammocks made of the wave

Dead Spaniards to be wrapped in.
Long may she wave, our good old ship brave,
And spur to resolution.
Let seamen boast and landsmen toast
The Flagship of the nation.

THE BALTIMORE.

There came by chance, to join the dance,
The iron-sided Baltimore,
With bristling guns and Maryland sons,
To wrestle in this furore.
A well-directed shot in a certain spot
Sunk a Spanish ship on her first war trip,
Her equal can't be found the whole world 'round.

THE BOSTON.

The Boston, a cruiser bold,
On the foaming ocean rolled,
Commanded by Captain Wilds,
The Dandy, O.

Spaniards never found their match
Till the Yankees did them catch.
For the Boston boys for fighting
Are the Dandy, O.

When the Spaniards hove in view,
Says Captain Wilds to his crew,
Come, clear the ship for action, and
Be Handy, O.

To the weathergage, boys get her,
And make my men fight better.
Give them EVANS gunpowder
Mixed with Brandy, O.

The first broadside they poured
Carried the Spaniards by the board
And made their lofty frigate
Look abandoned, O.

Admiral Montejo said, "I am done,"
And fired a Lee gun
And the Yankees struck up
Yankee Doodle Dandy, O.

THE CONCORD, PETREL AND RALEIGH.

Great gallant warships were these three—
The Petrel, Concord, and big RALEIGH.
They steamed in behind in one solid line,
And looking as primp as you ever can find.
The Petrel was the smallest on this fighting trip,
She sunk in twenty minutes a Spanish warship.
Then came the Concord, with cannons booming,
Then the big Raleigh the Spaniards dooming.
The Raleigh's gunners were the best,
And killed more Spaniards than all the rest.
In a few hours' time the victory was won
From the thunders of the Yankee guns.
So let the merry church bells ring,
Of Commodore Dewey's victory sing;

From California's golden sand
Praise Dewey's men all over the land.
They belonged to us, they belonged to all,
And answered to their country's call.
These brave men fought not in vain,
For in this battle
They REMEMBERED THE MAINE.

I received great thanks from the United States Government, written to me by the Secretary of the Navy, during the Spanish war.

AMERICA'S FAMOUS POEM.

(Dedicated to Sampson's Flying Squadron.)

Come one and all, both young and old,
And listen to my ditty;
'Tis all about a warship fight
Near Santiago city.
Sampson's fleet, they did this work,
And won this naval battle.
Hark! great heavens! don't
You hear the Yankee cannon rattle?

Sampson, to win in this fight,
Threw out a Schley bait,
To coil around the Spaniards
And doom them to their fate.
Sampson sent a man ashore.

He planted a signal near Fort Morro;
On this flag wrote, "We will go,
To never return any more."

The Spaniards grabbed the tempting bait
That led them to their awful fate.
Cervera said, "I will make the trip,
And give these Yankee pigs the slip—
Steam up, and put out to sea
And strike right now for liberty."
Cervera's squadron sailed out, they did,
Putting folks in mind of William Kidd.

But, ah! little did he know
The Yankee ships weren't far from shore.
They steamed out bold and looking neat,
When suddenly returned the Sampson fleet.
"They're coming out," says Commander Schley;
"Now, boys, make the Spaniards die;
Steady, men; stick to your gun,
And watch me in this naval fun."

"Aim true," says Schley, "and be sure
To sink the Spanish cowards low."
Ready, aim, fire; they are done,
Oh! Listen to the Yankee guns.
Sampson said, "Ye cowardly knaves,
I'll give to you all watery graves."
Did he do so? Yes, all but one—
Her name was the Cristobal Colon.

She steamed ahead of Sampson's fleet,
 Says Schley, "That ship is hard to beat."
 When suddenly roared the Brooklyn's guns,
 The Oregon joining this naval fun.
 Bang! bang! roared the Oregon's gun,
 And here the victory was won
 By the thunders of the Yankee guns,
 The Cristobal Colon was driven ashore,
 To never fight us any more.

Take off your hats and scrape your feet,
 For Schley and Sampson are hard to beat;
 Solomon was wise, but Sampson was strong;
 So now I've finished this naval song.

THE LOSS OF THE SPANISH WARSHIP MARIA TERESA.

"The Maria Teresa,
 May heaven bless her;"
 The Spaniards built her,
 But the Yankees kilt-er.
 This warship was doomed from the start,
 Fare thee well, says Queen,
 For the best of friends must part.

"The Maria Teresa,
 May heaven ever bless her;"
 She rests quiet and free,

And sleeps very soundly
At the bottom of the sea.
This ship fought well,
But her efforts were in vain;
She was sunk by Uncle Sam
For blowing up the Maine.
Hobson thought he would raise her,
And for a price to save her,
Hobson did float her
With his skillful band;
And then commenced to tow her
To America's fair land.
But the stormy winds did blow,
And the raging seas did flow,
"The sailors toiled and worked
As well as could be,
But the Lord thought it best
To let her have a rest,
And sunk her to the bottom
Of the deep blue sea."

The water is too deep
To bring her to the top,
To be used once more
For the devil's workshop.
It was He, it was He,
That rules the land and sea,
That sent to Spain and Uncle Sam
This sad calamity.
For He directed it from above,

And destined it to be.
 Sleep on, Maria Teresa,
 And quietly take your rest,
 The Spaniards love you dearly,
 But the mermaids love you best.
 The lightnings may flash,
 The loud cannon rattle,
 But never will you rise again
 To ever fight a battle.
 On a lonely sand-bed,
 At the bottom of the sea,
 You must now sleep forever,
 To Time—Eternity.

Composed December 4, 1898.

CERVERA'S RETURN TO SPAIN.

Admiral Cervera has gone to Spain;
 He doubtless now remembers the Maine;
 While in prison he behaved quite nice;
 Ah, what else could he do,
 For if he showed his Spanish pluck,
 The Yanks would put him through.

Was he ever treated better
 By any other nation?
 For Uncle Sam did not wish
 To spoil his reputation.
 They fed him on the very best,

Both his officers and men,
Whilst a guest of Uncle Sam,
In a prison pen.

I wonder how he likes the Americans,
And their mighty navy;
I cannot tell, quothed he,
I cannot tell to save me.
His mind wandered here and there,
And frequently expresses
A great desire to get home
To receive the Queen's caresses.

Alas! the Spanish bird has flown
Across the mighty ocean,
To fight Uncle Sam again,
He will hardly have a notion.
So fare thee well, Cervera,
If we never see you more,
We will meet you, by and by,
On Canaan's happy shore.

This old man soon found out,
When this war begun,
That fighting the Americans
Was anything but fun;
So now, old boy, when you get home,
Do find another occupation;
Don't tackle Uncle Sam again,
Or he will spoil your reputation.

So go and tell your countrymen,
When you get home again,
That you will ever bear in mind
The sinking of the Maine.
Adieu.

Composed October 1, 1898.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONVERSATION.

FIRST QUESTION.

The Queen—Oh, where can my gallant warships all be?

ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—They lie at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

SECOND QUESTION.

The Queen—Oh, where is Cervera, his officers and men?

ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—At Annapolis, Madam, in a prisoner's den.

THIRD QUESTION

The Queen—Oh, where are his cooks, stewards, and clerks?

ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—In the stomachs, Madam, of whales and sharks.

FOURTH QUESTION.

The Queen—Pray, what was this for? Tell me not in vain.

ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—I am punishing them, Madam, for sinking the Maine.

FIFTH QUESTION (deceitful).

The Queen—Oh, dear Uncle Sam, don't you want a kiss?

ANSWER (bold).

Uncle Sam—I don't care, Madam, if it affords you any bliss.

SIXTH QUESTION.

The Queen—Can't you return me the Philippines without further fuss?

ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—Not at all, Madam, for they belong to U. S.

SEVENTH QUESTION.

The Queen—Can't you return me Santiago in Cuba Libre?

ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—Oh, no, dear Madam, not a stiver, not a stiver.

EIGHTH QUESTION (with remorse).

The Queen—You have broken my heart; oh, where shall I repose?

PROUD ANSWER.

Uncle Sam—It's hard to answer, Madam, for God only knows.

July 29, 1898.

DEDICATED TO AN AMERICAN LADY AND
HER FAMILY ON DEWEY DAY.

Arise early, Mary; this is Dewey Day.
Listen, dear children; don't you hear the bands play?
Just run to the window quick as you can,
And behold, dear Mary, this vast surge of men.

There is Jennie and Susie, and little Tommy, too;
Great heavens, children! just see the boys in blue!
Come quick, children. We'll have lots of fun—
Oh, hear the shrieking fife and rattling of the drum.

Oh, Susis, dear, see the boys in gray;
They come from the South to honor this day.
The blue and the gray are mingled together.
Three cheers! Three cheers! Our country forever!

This way, children; there is Dewey, dear.
Don't rumple your curls or seem to fear
The grim-looking jack-tars of the wave;
They are ours, dear—the bravest of the brave.

Hark! Listen to the cannon from the mighty war-
ship;
They have just returned from a bloody fighting trip.
They came here, too, to honor this day—
To worship dear Dewey. Girls, this way! This way!

In long, long years yet to come,
Whether in sunshine or rain,
Americans will ever bear in mind
The sinking of the "Maine."
In long, long years to come,
Whether at home or far away,
Remember, my dear children,
The immortal Dewey Day.

The frolic is now over—
The kettle-drums cease to beat,
The gay-dressed looking soldiers
Are leaving the busy street.
O, the Star Spangled Banner!
Long may it wave
Over the land of the free
And the home of the brave.

This poem explains a conversation from an American lady to her children at Admiral Dewey's reception in New York city.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHUBRICK.

Behold this grim visage of War;
This is what we built you for,
To defend our country and flag to keep,
Thou grim monster of the deep;
Built at Richmond city,
By honest workmen's hands,
On beautiful James river,

The fairest in the land.
View her from stem to keel,
Made of the best of steel;
My mother State, to thee I kneel—
To Virginia! Virginia!
The land of the free,
The home of Lee and Jackson,
The land of Liberty.
Go on thy death-like errand,
And when the cannon loudly roar,
Remember those you left behind,
From Old Virginia shore.
Go and uphold your country's flag,
And never say surrender,
But give the world to understand
That you are our Nation's defender.
Her enemies will feel her power,
With torpedoes on them shower,
And to this unwelcome visitor say,
Don't call again another day.
We now consign thee to the deep,
And with our sacred trust to keep,
Amid the terrible din of war,
Remember what we built you for.
We christen this ship the "Shubrick,"
Slide her smoothly, but quick;
Knock the blocks, and let her slip;
Down she goes! Hurrah! she is afloat.
Oh, look upon this fighting boat.
Old Neptune now claims this craft,

The mermaids are having a hearty laugh;
The frolicking shark will pelt her sides,
Whilst the mighty waves she rides;
The dolphins and the mighty whale
Will be on her constant trail;
But this ship will defy them all.
And cause these fish to squeak and squall.
We now consign thee from our sight,
And bid this Torpedo Boat
Good-night. Good-night! Adieu!

DEDICATED TO SUFFERING PUERTO RICO.

A turtle dove with olive branch,
Has come to let us know,
That peace is sent to our land
To last forevermore.
This message was sent from Heaven,
Saying our enemies are forgiven.
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Victory perches on our banner!

Puerto Rico is now set free,
By the sons of Liberty.
The tyrant's chain is broken;
Her children are now free-spoken.
And all of this was done
By the mighty American Gun.
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Victory perches on our banner!

The ships of Spain are now all sunk,
Her sailors badly beaten,
The Americans have gained the day,
And the Spaniards are retreating.
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Victory perches on our banner!

Our navy rules the sea,
Wherever they may be,
With stars and stripes from their mastheads,
Emblems of sweet liberty.
In long, long years yet to come,
Whether in snow, storm or rain,
We can all look back with pride to those
Who remembered—remembered the Maine.
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Victory perches on our banner!

This beautiful turtle dove,
That came from above,
With wings as white as snow driven,
Delivered this message of peace to all,
And returned to its home in Heaven.
Hosanna! Hosanna!
Victory perches on our banner!

Richmond, Va., August 16, 1898.

THE RICHMOND BLUES.

I hear the distant thunder hum,
The old line bugle, fife, and drum.
"This the Blues! the Blues!
The Old Richmond Blues!
A company of fine reputation.
Its officers are the best,
Its men are all well dressed;
An old-fashioned Virginia organization.
So give three cheers
For the Virginia Volunteers;
Their names are known over nation.
Three cheers for the Blues,
The Old Richmond Blues!
With men of sound reputation.
At Harper's Ferry town,
A place of old renown,
Johnnie Brown thought the Yankees
 Would sustain him;
But there came Governor Wise,
Who took him by surprise,
And sent him to the happy
 Land of Canaan.

Three cheers for the Blues,
The Old Richmond Blues!
It's a corps of fine reputation.
Its officers are the best,
Its men are well dressed;

An old-fashioned Virginia organization.
When war came on of secession,
And threatened this State to deform,
This old-fashioned organization
Rode safe and brave through the storm,
Three cheers! Three cheers!
For the Virginia Volunteers!
Their fame is known over the nation.
Three cheers for the Blues,
The old Richmond Blues,
It's a corps of a fine reputation.

When the war came on with Spain
For sinking the Maine,
It roused up the big Nation.
They came to the front
And bore the bravest brunt
And sustained their old reputation.
Three cheers! Three cheers!
For the Virginia Volunteers!
Their names are known over the Nation.
Three cheers for the Blues!
The Old Richmond Blues!
It's a corps of a fine reputation.

October 18, 1899.

ON LIFE.

Life is but a strife—

 A bubble; 'tis a dream.

Man is but a little boat,

 That paddles down the stream.

Is life worth living? I say no.

 My echo is heard from high and low.

Is life worth living? I say no, no,

 And with my pen shall try to show.

When God made man He gave a stomach;

 I say right here that was a flummux;

Whether in health or sick in bed,

 The gnawing stomach must be fed.

Now gentle folks, it strikes my notion,

 The stomach keeps the world in motion.

Ever since Adam and Eve were made,

 Scratching for wealth has been our trade.

Oh, just suppose we make two million,

 The world will say a thief and villain

Oh, say is life worth living then,

 To be spurned and sneered by women and men?

Is life worth living? I say no.

 My pen is felt by high and low.

We are alive to-day, and dead to-morrow;

 Great Heavens, what a world of sorrow!

A friend of to-day is a Judas to-morrow.
He will smile at you sweet and your money
borrow.
He will skin you every time,
Until he gets your last dime.
Then is this world fit to live in, to beg, to borrow,
or to give in.

Is life worth living? I say no.
My voice is heard by high and low.
Is life worth living? Not for me,
For I now very plainly see.

Oh, God, why keep me in Thy paw,
To toss me around as a straw.
You have picked me up and turned me down,
And caused your world on me to frown.

You have used me as a toy
Ever since I was a boy.
I am growing old, and soon must die,
So Your hand on others try.

Is life worth living? I say no.
My wails are heard by high and low;
So eat and drink and merry be,
For to-morrow thy soul shall be required of
thee.

When the race of life is run,
When the battle is fought and won,
Then my days on earth are done.
See the vassal and the king side by side lie
withering.

See the sword and scepter rust;
Earth to earth, and dust to dust.
Is life worth living? I say no.
The truth is told to high and low.

A GLOOMY WINTER'S DAY.

I sit in my chamber pondering and thinking.
Yes, I am convinced that I've been overdrinking.
I chunk the red-hot grate and knock out a cinder,
I see the snowballs pelting against my antique win-
dow.

I hear the little snow birds chirping and singing,
I see the sleighs passing by, and their merry bells
tinkling.
It is He. It is He that rules the land and sea.

That sent this awful blizzard to be remembered by me.
It is cloudy, it is gloomy,
Oh, I must stop this thinking.
If it will only stop snowing, then I will stop drink-
ing.

HON. JOHN LAMB.

Virginia had a noble son,
His character was white as snow,
Wherever sweet Virginia went
This Lamb was sure to go.

Sometimes she sent him on long trips,
And for months would stay away,
But never yet would he fail,
Her orders to obey.

She sent him over to Washington,
To represent her State,
He toiled and worked day and night,
And never slept too late.

He attended to her faithfully,
And stuck up to her sons,
He was an ornament to all
As sure as water runs.

We shall send him back to Congress,
This well and true tried man,
For his blessed name is above reproach,
Our Congressman, Johnnie Lamb.

MY SWEETHEART.

I rapped gently at your door, and it was my heart rejoice,
I knew that welcome footstep, and that familiar voice
Making music in my ears on the lonely evening's hour,
For I knew it was you dear that welcomed me there.

The cooing dove seeks his mate wherever she may be,
The red bird and blue finch nestle in the tree;
The bold American eagle soars aloft on high,
But my love for you, dear, shall never, never die.

If shot by huntsman's hands,
I at thy feet lie down.
If but one tear should shed,
Gladly I die.

LOVE ME NOW.

(Written by Unknown Lady and Answered.)

If you are going to love me,
Love me now, while I can know
All the sweet and tender feelings
That from real affections flow;
Love me now, while I am living;
Do not wait 'till I'm gone,
And chisel on the white marble
Warm love words in cold stone.
If you have sweet thoughts of me,
Why not whisper them now?
Don't you know they'd make me
Happy, and as glad as could be?

If you wait 'till I'm sleeping,
Never more to wake again,
There'll be walls of earth between us,
And I could not hear you then.

If you knew some one was thirsting
 For a drop of water, sweet,
 Would you be so slow to bring—
 Would you walk with laggard feet?

There are tender hearts around us,
 Who are thirsting for love;
 Shall we deny to them
 What heaven has kindly sent us from above.
 I won't feel your fond caresses,
 When the sad grave's o'er my face;
 I won't crave your love and kisses
 In my last long resting place;
 So, if you love me dearest,
 Let me know while life is young,
 Do not wait 'till I'm gone,
 Is the burden of my song.

ANSWER TO LOVE ME NOW.

Meet me there, meet me there,
 At my gate, at the gate,
 Mine own, my darling Kate.
 Oh, meet me at my gate,
 My own, my darling Kate,
 Will you meet me dearest angel at the gate?

When the men around town,
 All turn you down,
 Shall pass you by with coldness and deceit;

There is one on Church Hill
That will love and bless you still,
Provided that you don't turn him down.
So, come forward, Miss,
And receive a sweet kiss,
For you wanted one to love you right now.

POEM ON POVERTY.

Poverty and disgrace
Wear the same face.
They are twin brothers,
And lurk in the same place.
Wherever you find one
You will sure find the other.
Poverty is a scourge,
That is sent from God above
As a punishment to those
He does not love.

Poverty is a crime
That is felt by those
That drink rye whiskey
And wear old clothes.
Poverty hangs around the widow's door;
His grasp is felt from shore to shore.
Poverty hangs around the judge's bench,
Where unfortunates are punished
For the least offense.

Poverty hangs around the gilded saloon,
 Where drunkards seal their awful doom.
 Poverty lingers around the harlot's den,
 Where once chaste women were ruined by men.
 In the country poverty shows his hand,
 Especially to the owners of poor land;
 He slumbers around the poor farmer's door,
 That works and toils with shovel and hoe.
 The best he eats is cold corn bread,
 And sleep at night on an old straw bed.

Poverty is death's shining mark.
 He walks off then
 Merry as a lark,
 Poverty is God's right bower,
 His enmity on mankind
 He delights to shower;
 He plays well his hand
 And wins the stakes;
 He then dissects them
 As rattlesnakes.

The rich when passing the poor man by
 Rarely looks him in the eye.
 Dimes and dollars,
 Dollars and dimes,
 To be poor is the worst
 Of all the crimes.
 To arms, to arms, ye brave,
 The avenging sword unsheathe,
 Strike bold poverty a death blow,
 And keep him from your front door.

STUDY OF A POET.

(By Himself.)

There is an old man
That lives on Church Hill,
If the devil hasn't got him
He lives there still.
This old bard was
Born in Gloucester county,
But from that place
He receives no bounty.
Both of his parents
Are now dead,
And he sighs and groans
About his old homestead.
When he was young
He was a bold Confed,
And many a man
In war shot dead.
His eyes are as black
As a carrion crow,
And seldom comes
Outside of his door.
And when he does,
He gets dead drunk;
He then commences
To show his spunk;
He bawls and squalls
And very loudly talk,—
And shoves the men

From the sidewalk
 If you treat him
 In a gentle manner
 He commences to sing
 The Star-Spangled Banner;
 If not, he will chew the rag,
 And whistle aloud
 The Bonnie Blue Flag.
 Of children, he has a plenty,
 Say, some fifteen or twenty.
 He has a sweetheart
 That lives in the North,
 When a young babe
 Fed him on chicken broth.
 Her name is Mary Jane,
 She lives in the Highland;
 I tell you, gentle folk,
 She is the belle of Staten Island.
 He still has another,
 Her name is Dear Pearle,
 And considers her
 The queen of the world.
 Her light brown hair
 And dark blue eyes—
 Ah, my!
 And for her hand
 Would lay me down and die.
 He sells Florida oranges
 And cream cheese,
 And does his best

His customers to please.
He is now growing old
And cannot live long,
And now completes
The burden of his song.
And where he will go,
It's a wonder to tell—
It may be heaven,
Or it may be hell;
For when he dies
It will be night,
And be forever out of sight.

—*Andrew Jackson Andrews.*

Richmond, Va.

DEDICATED TO HON. J. G. POLLARD.

Dear Fellow Citizens to give
Me your attention—
About a Young Friend
In the Constitutional Convention.
Although a Man of very
Small Dimension
Is John Garland Pollard,
Of Virginia's Convention.
He has light hair
And small blue eyes,
But I tell you, Gentle Folks,
He is wonderfully wise.
For making new Laws

In this State—
 Just tackle him once
 In a Debate.
 He can't change
 The Laws at once,
 For he is no fool
 Or a dunce.
 It takes good time,
 To do this work,
 The same as a Book-Keeper
 Or a Clerk;
 For when he gets through,
 You can bless Your Maker,
 He will certainly punish
 The Law-Breaker.
 He will carry safe
 The Ships of State,
 Be it early, or
 Be it late.
 Between now
 And next Fall,
 The Laws of Virginia
 Will please you all.
 Be patient with
 The Constitutional Convention,
 And friend, John Pollard,
 Of Small Dimension.
 He is small in size,
 But large in brains,
 And for making good Laws

He spares no pains.
So give three cheers
For Virginia's Convention;
One for John Pollard,
Of very Small Dimension.

His Friend, the Poet,
ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS.

NO ONE CARES FOR ME.

(By A. J. Andrews.)

O. I. C.
Plain as can be,
No one cares for me.
Am now growing old,
My hair is turning gray,
Haven't long
On earth to stay.
It is plain to me
As A B C
That no one cares for me.

When I try to make a dollar,
Men wink, blink and holler,
Oh, let us keep him poor
As an old carrion crow.
His day for work is done
His race is nearly run.
Ah, me; I plainly see
No one cares for me.

Oh when I go to church
 Girls leave me in the lurch.
 They make ugly faces,
 And hideous, awful frowns
 As they brush up against me
 In their black silk gowns.
 Ah me, how plainly I see
 No one now cares for me.

If invited to a ball
 Which is the worst of all,
 Ladies look at me and squall.
 He ought to be in bed,
 To be with the men
 A drinking and dancing
 Playing cards and prancing.
 Ah, Ah, 'tis plain to me
 As A B C
 That no one now cares for me.

But if I have money
 Oh; how so curious and funny
 They look at me and smile
 And whisper, dear child
 Where have you been,
 You good old thing.
 Can't you give me a slip
 From your aged wrinkled lip.
 Ah, me, 'tis plain to see
 Without money
 No one cares for me.

A SPICY JOKE.

OLD NED HAZARD AND THE RUSSIAN COUNT.

He sold his notes at a great discount,
To marry his daughter to the Russian Count.
He made big money out of the South,
And did them up for all they were worth.

Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do;
Help dis nigger to cut dis figger,
Wid a long-tail Blue.
Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do.

He thought she married a Rissian poet,
But proved to be a worthless goet (goat).
He spent Ned's money and called him Dad,
Which caused old Ned to feel mighty bad.

Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do, etc.

He took Ned's daughter across the pond;
Der Russians put him under bond.
He owed so much he could not pay,
So she packed her trunk and sailed away.
Her trip was one of heavy cost,
And much of Neddie's money lost;
He sent her home on Shrewsberry Hill;
If the devil hasn't got her, she lives there still.

Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do, etc.

Ned tried to starve old Capt. Jack
To keep him down and under der hack;
But Johnnie could not see the point,
And knocked old Neddie out of joint.
If he to York river goes,
They will break his back and smash his nose.

Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do, etc.

The Harrietta, they say she ploughs,
But the Elizabeth Ann has crossed her bows.
The Ann Matilda, she ain't slow,
Sheets aft, and let it blow.
Old Ned's a traveling agent fake,
So dis spicy joke must take.

Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do;
Help dis nigger to cut dis figger,
Wid a long-tail Blue.
Oh, do, Johnnie Booker, do.

GIT.

Composed by A. J. ANDREWS,
2200 Broad St., Richmond, Va.

LARRY O'BRIEN.

A VERY SPICY SONG SUNG BY THE 'SAILORS AND SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES DURING THE WAR.

From the Scrap Book of A. J. Andrews.

I've just returned from the ocean,
Where thunder and ball were in motion,
For fighting I've never had a notion,
'Twould never do for Larry O'Brien.
I've boxed around the shore
Like a great many more;
Have knocked down the Spalpuns
By the half-dozen score,
But I've never found it Cliver
For the balls to knock the Liver
Out of Larry, out of Larry,
'Twould never do for Larry O'Brien.

Chorus—

Oh, the devil on the Gal that
Wouldn't have me, have me
Have me, The divil on the Gal
That wouldn't have me,
She would never do for Larry O'Brien.

Second Verse.

The first thing I saw was a man lying dead,
Says I, upon my soul, sir,

You had better been in bed
Than to be delighting
In such fighting,
Which I thought no ways inviting
On to Larry, young Larry,
'Twould never do for Larry O'Brien.

Chorus—

The Divil on the Gal, etc., etc.

Third Verse.

There is a dirty little middy
In the milk shop,
Faith he ordered me up
To the main top,
But my head swam around
Like a whip top;
'Twas no place for Larry O'Brien.
The sailors from above
They lowered down a rope;
They tied it 'round my waist,
And they hauled me up,
But I kept a bawling and squalling,
And the Divils kept a-hauling
Of Larry, 'twas no place for Larry O'Brien.

Chorus—

Oh, the Divil take the Gal, etc., etc.

Now the captain gave orders for a sailing,
But the sides of our ship wanted nailing;
All hands to a pumping an a bailing;
There was work for Larry O'Brien
With their hammers and their blocks,
And their mighty heavy knocks.
She looked for all the world
Like the Divil in the stocks,
And with their Oakum
The Divil choke um,
And they had for to poke um
On to Larry, young Larry,
On to young Larry O'Brien.

Chorus—

The Divil on the Gal, etc., etc.

Now, I'll bid adieu to the Captain and the
sailors,
Likewise to the caulkers and bailers
And I'll start right out to the tailors
For to rig out Larry O'Brien.
Oh, bloody nouns,
When I'm free from all wounds,
I'll marry some plump widow
Worth twenty thousand pounds,
And all adore her,
And implore her
To marry young Larry,
To marry young Larry O'Brien.

The Divil on the girl that
 Wouldn't have me, have me, have me,
 Oh, the Divil on the girl that
 Wouldn't have me,
 She would never do for Larry O'Brien.

I WILL NOT HELP HIM ANY MORE.

DEDICATED TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

My love for him is fading fast,
 Like a rose in the winter's blast;
 Ox gall in exchange for love
 Is best to send the turtle dove!
 Shall I help him any more?
 Oh, my blessed Saviour, no!
 I helped him in Booker Washington's case,
 Which, lawyers say, was out of place.
 Made poems for him, and sent them South;
 He did not help me a dollar's worth.
 I will not help *you* any more,
 So I thought I would let you know.
 I know you will tear this up,
 And call me an old bull pup;
 But, ah! I am a Confederate Vet,
 And now propose to let you sweat.
 Haven't I helped you like a man?
 Oh, just deny it, if you can.
 If I keep helping you—well, well, well!
 I would starve, die, and go to hell.
 I will not help *you* with my pen,
 So here is the beginning and the end.

ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS,
The Poet of Virginia.

A PASSIONATE PLEA FOR ROOSEVELT.

The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, the Spartanburg (S. C.) *Herald*, and the Norfolk *Landmark*, all with poets of their own, persistently ignore the merits of Richmond's sweet singer. Now we give them another chance. They are invited to study this contribution and say honestly whether any of the productions of their local birds can compare with it by any rule known to gentlemen, to journalists, or to the wholesale and retail verse manufacturing trade:

(By A. J. Andrews.)

A POEM

In Defense of Theodore Roosevelt,
President of the United States,
For Wining and Dining Booker Washington.

Why should the South
Hunt me down
Like a hound on
A tiger's track?
Why can't they live
In peace with me to
Be constantly
Setting me back.

Did I not fight for them
At my country's call,
Offer up my life's blood
For them, one and all?
Did not the Black Troops
Fight for U. S. (Uncle Sam)
At the battle of San Juan Hill
Save the Riders on that day
And there the Spaniards kill?
Did they not, with bayonets bright,
Charge in a gallant manner
Saved North and South
From disgrace
And the Star Spangled Banner?
Oh, away with political strife
Treat me in a decent manner
Remember those that
Fought that day
For the Star Spangled Banner.
So you can hate me
As you may
For I am helping
You every day
So do let me rest at ease
To wine and dine
With whom I please
And eat rye bread
And Limburger cheese
For Heaven's sake.

Amen.

Composed by ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS, 2200 East
Broad Street, Richmond, Va. February 23, 1905.

COMPARISON CHALLENGED.

The Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer* has a poet of whom it is justly proud. It is invited, however, to gnash its teeth in impotent envy over this morceau from Richmond's favorite and most tuneful singer:

MEMORIES OF THE PAST AND THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Too well do I remember
The place where I was born,
The bright, shining sun
Came peeping through at morn.

Well do I remember
The roses red and white,
The bright, shining stars
Came peeping in at night.

Well do I remember
Whilst living near the bay,
I'd run and jump, fish and hunt,
To pass the time away.

It's painful to remember
An awful gloomy day,
When two armies met
In deadly battle array.

On the rugged fields of Gettysburg
Did they start this fight,

They commenced in the early morn,
And kept it up till night.

The Federals wore the blue,
The Confederates wore the gray;
I cannot with pen describe
This thrilling, bloody affray.

These armies faced each other
On a long line of hills;
The air was filled all that day
With bombs and leaden pills.

The army mules did bray,
The horses they did neigh;
The muskets they did rattle,
And the cannons they did roar;
The loud report was heard
As far as Baltimore.

During this field of carnage
A dying comrade lay,
I bent with heartfelt sorrow
To hear what he might say.

I pressed my hand against his cheek,
I arose and walked away;
He was dead; he was gone,
His life had passed away.

The earth did fairly groan,
I could hear the wounded mourn,
A long sheet of fire
Distinctly could be seen
By the thunders of the cannons.
Ah! was this a dream?
Oh, no; it was true;
It was a hard-fought battle
Between the Gray and the Blue.

They would charge and countercharge
And neither side would run;
'Twas the hardest-fought battle
Since the war begun.

The Blue and the Gray
Both died together;
Their chivalry did they seal
To this world forever.
This battle caused hearts to ache,
North, South, far and near;
For somebody's darling
Forever slumbers here.

—*Andrew Jackson Andrews,*

Richmond, Va.

DEDICATED TO THE RICHMOND GIRLS.

BY A. J. ANDREWS, Composer.

Oh, how can I spare the time
To be composing so much rhyme!
It seems very pleasant recreation
To be composing verses for the nation.
The long, long weary day
Has passed in tears away;
The long, long weary day,
Has passed in tears away;
I wish he would come once more
And love me as before.
When I get up in the morning I dress quite neat;
Then commence to promenade the street
I step over to Anthony's, on Main street,
And drink a little julep, julep sweet.
My brains commence to work, and get in a twirl.
I then look out for the handsomest girl.
I walk a little further, and see dear Pearl.
Great heaven, isn't she a handsome girl?
With her light-brown hair and deep, mellow, blue eye,
And for her hand would lay me down and die.
I then take a cab and drive to the park.
I light a cigar, for it's getting quite dark.
Oh, how they come and commence to sing;
Some with them fragrant flowers bring.
Then they commence to laugh and twitter. With
 sparkling eyes and rosy, rosy cheek,
Ah, my! ain't they hard to beat?

They are dressed in satin; they are dressed in silk;
Their complexion as fair as snow-white milk.
They were sent by God above
For the men in Richmond to love.
Precious jewels, heaven divine,
Lovely angels, thou art mine,
For thou art a boon to man.
Just deny it, if you can.
Oh, Sarah Jane and Caroline,
Just place your snow-white hand in mine.
Kiss me, darling, for you know
To my peaceful couch must go.
The Baltimore girls are hard to beat,
But the Richmond belles are just as sweet.
They are all a man can ask.
Will now close this difficult task.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,

July 20, 1898.

My Dear Sir,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 17th instant, and in the President's behalf to thank you for the courtesy which you have extended to him.

Very truly yours,

J. A. PORTER,
Secretary to the President.

C.

Mr. Andrew J. Andrews,
2200 Broad Street,
Richmond, Va.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, June 23, 1898.

Sir,—Permit me to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the verses composed by you, dedicated to the Manila fleet.

Very respectfully,
OBEN H. ALLEN,
Acting Secretary.
P.

Mr. Andrew J. Andrews,
2200 Broad Street,
Richmond, Va.

A BURLESQUE ON THE SAMPSON-SCHLEY
COURT OF INQUIRY.

THE COURT.

Was it Sampson or Schley
That won the vict-ory
At Santiago Harbor?

WITNESS

I, say the Fly,
With my little Eye,
Saw Admiral Schley
Win the Vict-ory
At Santiago Harbor.

THE COURT.

Who saw the Spaniards die?
I, said the Sparrow,

With my Bow and Arrow,
I saw them die,
And helped Admiral Schley
To win the Vict-ory
At Santiago Harbor.

THE COURT.

Who tolled the Bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull.
I tolled the Bell, and
Sounded the Knell
For Admiral Schley
That won the Vict-ory
At Santiago Harbor.

THE COURT.

Where was Sampson
At the Battle of
Santiago Harbor?

WITNESS

Sampson lacked spunk,
Then got on a drunk
Sailed down the bay
And stayed away
All that day.

THE COURT.

What did Sampson do
When he returned?

WITNESS

When Sampson did return
His conscience did burn,
For sailing away
Leaving Admiral Schley
To win the victory
At Santiago Harbor.

THE COURT.

Upon the evidence of
The Bull, Fly and Sparrow,
With his Bow and Arrow,
Doth award a Gold
Medal to Schley
That won the Vict-ory
At Santiago Harbor.

The Court and Witnesses will now unite in prayer:

Oh, Lord of Love
Look from above
And bless the owl
That ate the fowl
And left the bones
For Sampson and Jones
At the battle of Santiago Harbor.

The Court adjourns.

Composed by ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS,
Richmond, Va.

Dedicated to the old maids of Virginia.

WHY I AM AN OLD MAID.

I'll be no submissive wife

No, not I,

I'll be no slave for life

No, not I; no, not I.

I'll not mend his clothes,

No, not I,

Or be dragged around by the nose,

No, not I; no, not I.

I have a large muff,

And a big box of snuff

And my pipe I can puff,

So can I.

So men step aside

For I will not be a bride

No, not I; no, not I.

When I walk around town

With my black silk gown

Oh, just see the men frown

Upon I.

I will be a gay old maid

Yes, I shall.

Of the men I'm not afraid

No, not I; no, not I.

Oh, I am an old game hen,

So am I,

And care not for the men

No, not I; no, not I.

Oh, when I go to church,
Ah, my,
Men leave me in the lurch
Then I sigh.
When I go to a ball
Which is the worst of all,
Men point at me and squall,
There is an old maid;
Of the men I'm afraid,
No, not I; no, not I.
For I will never cry
About these men
That's not worth two for ten.
So, dear girls,
Don't make a fuss
For these men
I don't care a cuss.
So adieu, gentle folks,
I will rest for a while
For this old maid
Has done you up in style.
Yes Have I.

Composed by ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS,
Richmond, Va.

August 8, 1901.

THE STORM AT BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA.

The stormy winds did blow,
Remorseless tears did flow
From sobbing mothers dear,

Where babes were killed right here,
By a rustless cyclone sent
To destroy Birmingham, was bent,
On, on, this terrible tempest sped
Melting hearts that were hard as lead,
The matron and maid killed

Dead right here.

Have I not said before
Soon we all must go,
From this world of trouble
That's merely a soap bubble,
Some day the storm of death

Will come.

And point us to our awful doom.

Is life worth living?

I say no.

My pen is felt from shore to shore.

We are only sent here to stay,

To be snapped suddenly away.

This is not your home

Remember silly and wise,

But above in yond heaven

Eternal in the skies.

Eat, drink and merry, merry be,

To-morrow thy soul shall be required of thee.

When rambling this earth

As peaceful as a lamb,

Remember, gentle folks,

The storm at Birmingham.

Composed by ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS.

“AN ODE ON WHISKEY.”

Of all the men beneath the skies,
 An inveterate drunkard I do despise;
 But a mint julep now and then,
 Is relished by the best of men.
 Although it distracts the mind and brain,
 'Tis best from whiskey to refrain;
 Whiskey causes the world to groan,
 Whiskey causes millions to mourn;
 Whiskey causes men to fail,
 Whiskey fills the city jail,
 Whiskey causes the world to shudder,
 Whiskey causes men to murder,
 Whiskey breaks the wife's heart,
 Whiskey causes relatives to part,
 Whiskey causes all sorts of crimes,
 And make men spend their hard-earned dimes.
 'Tis whiskey that causes the harlots den,
 Where once chaste women were ruined by men;
 A few drinks here and a few drinks there,
 And their virtue is gone, 'tis true, I declare
 Whiskey makes a man a slave,
 And leads him to an early grave;
 'Tis whiskey that causes ships to sink,
 By drunken captains, oh! just think—
 That fills his skin with strong drink,
 And sends souls to a watery grave,
 Whilst sailing over the mighty waves.
 'Tis whiskey that causes the sweetheart

To forsake her lover and depart;
'Tis whiskey that causes man and wife,
To frequently separate for life.
The forger writes another's name,
Caused by whiskey; shame, oh! shame;
And sends him headlong to prison—
Say, can this crime be forgiven
By men on earth or angels in heaven?
Rival lovers, whilst on a spree,
Kill each other frequently;
Drunken parents often slay
Their little babes in open day.
The drunken raper with a glaring eye,
Despoils his victim and leaves her to die;
So, gentle folks, I now me thinks,
The worst of crimes is caused by drinks.
Why, then, should we whiskey drink?
Just think; oh! think,
The bitter cup of misery it brings,
To destruction our happiness flings;
Crimes from drink would fill a book,
That would reach from Richmond to Sandy-
Hook.

May 2, 1900.

ANDREW JACKSON ANDREWS.



